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TEN CENTS A COPY

England and America (II), by Philip Kerr, on page 642

The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

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Jacket illustration depicting the sophisticated types he describes in "Point Counterpoint" from Mr. Huxley's earlier volume, "Antic Hay" (Doubleday, Doran: Sun Dial Library)

A Charming Personality

GEORGE W. CABLE. HIS LIFE AND LETTERS. By his daughter LUCY LEFFINGWELL CABLE BIKLE. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1928. $3.50.

Reviewed by ALLAN NEVINS

WHEN Edward King, touring the Southern States in 1872 for his serial paper in the old *Scribner's* called "The Great South," discovered in the shy New Orleans accountant named George W. Cable a literary talent of high order Cable was twenty-eight. Before his "Old Creole Days" appeared in book form and won him national reputation, he was thirty-five. It was not until the close of 1881, when he was approaching forty, that he wrote Howells that he was renouncing the world of commerce. "The last link is broken—I have resigned from my secretaryship in the cotton exchange and closed my office. Nothing now for offence or defence but my gray goose quill!" Half his life had been passed in Louisiana, and there he had written three books which rank among the American classics and will long keep his fame green. Then, returning to the New England in which his mother's ancestors had lived—his father's lineage was Virginian—he embarked upon a new and very different period of production. He settled into a life that, despite a little lecturing now and then, was quiet and retired; a life bound up in books, in friendships with a small circle of such friends as Mark Twain, Gilder, Howells, S. Weir Mitchell, and Horace Scudder, in travel, and above all in slow, careful work at home. Here in New England, writing ever less and less, he lived till his death in 1925.

This volume is not a comprehensive life of Cable. It deals almost wholly with the second half, the last forty years, of his career; in fact, precisely four-fifths of the book treats of the period after 1880. Mrs. Bikle has undertaken to present Cable in his letters and in the personal reminiscences of those who knew the man best, and it is obvious that her material chiefly concerns his New England residence. The resulting defect of the volume is that

(*Continued on page* 640)

The Adventures of Libido

By HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

Nor do our *Literati* lag behind
In loud laryngeal fits of mindless Mind.
Seizing on wind-pipe speculations, they
Collect Thought's tatters to trick out a play,
To crazy-patch a novel, or rehearse
Asylum-eccentricities in verse.
Lo, the poor Indian, Gertrude Stein, whose brain
Tangled in echolalia writhes in vain,
Joyce, in whose babble-jargoning is heard
Old Night's obscene and "uncreating word,"
Almost persuading Sherwood Anderson
Libido's ultimate freedom has begun!
Libido, land-locked in her muddy scow,
Sex at the helm and Mammon at the prow,
Dull procuress to dollars, bawd to Wit . . .
(If this be treason, make—Freudians—the most of it!)

Meanwhile our Critics and our Highbrows vie
In proving Life is worthless, Love a lie,
All Aspiration a mechanic thrust
Toward power, an eddy of the soulless dust;
All Goodness but desire inhibited,
And Death a meaningless satire on the dead.
Man's a contraption, they assert, who came
To consciousness by accident, whose flame
Is but a spark struck from the flinty breast
Of Nature by the friction of unrest:
A spark, 'tis true, that knows itself to be
A spark—yet quails before mortality.
A silly spark, whose self-awareness gains
It nothing but illusion, passing pains,
More transient pleasures, throe or throb or trance,
Amid th' electrons' unintentioned dance.
Thus is the Mind by its own maggots soiled,
Whose only virtue now's to be "hard-boiled,"
Tough-fibred, fatuous, cynically pert,
Unwarm'd by sunshine, undismay'd by dirt,
Stolid toward beauty and anæsthetized
To all that Socrates or Plato prized,
To all Isaiah dreamed of, Jesus knew,
To all th' ineffable bloom of life, the dew
Upon hope's rose, the lustre, the pure gleam
Of spirit caught from Spirit, streams from Stream.

I QUOTE from "The Great Enlightenment,"* a pungent (and poignant) satiric poem, published a month or so ago by Lee Wilson Dodd, who finds it necessary to get back into the eighteenth century's mood of cool detachment in order to see what intellectualism unrestrained is doing to us. It is of remarkable and devastating insight, not yet fully appreciated by the intellectualists who do our thinking and are naturally reticent about attacks on their own hind-quarters.

For Mr. Dodd, the enemy is the high-brow thinker, product of science, fear, and muddle, who, lacking both "civilized humility" and a sense of humor, decides that he is only "a casual phosphorescence on Time's sea," swells with intellectual pride over the discovery, and cries "'Tis well." The poem's picture of the dance of modern critics and preachers upon electrons that keep sliding away to pitch them on their noses, is intended, I think, as a caution that the greatest clerks are still not always the wisest men, especially when they try to explain the nature of living by the nature of life in its biological and physical senses. Irony is rare in American literature, rare in modern literature since the War, which used up all of the current stock. Here is an example. Read it if you dare.

"The Great Enlightenment" flicks a cracking whip over the tough hide of the intellectualist as Critic and Wise Man, but another current book discusses the animal as such, the end-product of a psychological evolution, civilized man very sure that he is civilized and unhappy over the result, not man proud, but man weary. Man weary of living, sated with experience yet irritable with nervous desires, immensely intelligent yet puzzling over the utility of the simplest acts and suspicions of the slightest inhibitions—you find him in all the really modern plays and novels, most pointedly depicted in Aldous Huxley's "Point Counterpoint."*

For here is a study, miscalled a novel, since it is as much of a social document as Mr. Huxley's grandfather's deductions from the fossil horse, which, with an admirable honesty, carries society as Mr. Huxley sees it to logical conclusions. The book is as witty as Mr. Dodd's poem and as full of fornication unblushingly carried out as the old sentimental novel of suggested situations left to the imagination. It is certain that many have read "Point Counterpoint" only for its frank realism, since if they had read it for its ideas and the really appalling significance of its scenes, a cry would have gone up from Bloomsbury, London, to Bloomsbury, Indiana. For this novel is a shocker in the only sense which shocking really counts, an intellectual shocker intended to be literally true, illustrating a great despair, and a wholesale decadence of will, registering by the easy terms of narrative in which alone the populace will take their ideas, a moral lesson which is all the more affecting because Mr. Huxley is clearly uncertain whether preaching it is worth the effort.

He is, I think, a better preacher than novelist. He is so eager (like his mouthpiece and favorite character, Philip Quarles) to think all round the human race, that he quite loses, or never gains, that illusion of reality in characters created by the author in ac-

* "The Great Enlightenment. A Satire in Verse." New York: Harper & Brothers. 1928. $12.

* "Point Counterpoint." By Aldous Huxley. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1928. $2.50.

This Week

"Dostoievsky: The Man and His Work."
Reviewed by MANYA GORDON.

"Seven Brothers."
Reviewed by PHILLIPS D. CARLETON.

"Science and Good Behavior."
Reviewed by JOSEPH JASTROW.

"Antiquamania."
Reviewed by JOHN SPARGO.

"My War Memories."
Reviewed by HAMILTON FISH ARMSTRONG.

"Lute and Scimitar."
Reviewed by NICHOLAS MARTINOVITCH

"Gerard's Herbal."
Reviewed by MARION PARRIS SMITH

The Folder.
By CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

Next Week

England and America.
By WALTER LIPPMANN.

Newly Discovered Poems of Emily Dickinson.
Reviewed by LOUIS UNTERMEYER.

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cord with some law of their own personality which makes them personalities as you and I are personalities, and total not partial in their contacts with life. Huxley is far too interested in ideas for such creativeness. He takes his characters raw out of experience, very much as a man at a club window might illustrate his argument by gestures at well-known figures in the crowd. One gets sound evidence this way but not life, for life in fiction is synthesis not analysis. In this book it seems that only lack of knowledge prevents the naming of an original for each of the *dramatis personæ*—Lucy Tantamount, Burlap, Bidlake, Spandrell, Rampion. They are not new creations, but Huxley's interpretation of people he knows—a wide difference, for in that half-way stage between discovery and recovery of the personality John Smith, who might be on the way to become a Pendennis or a Richard Feverel, is abstracted for a moment into typical qualities with the photograph of the original upon them, talks with his own voice, but stands for the type into which the discerning novelist will put him. All Huxley's characters (like those of Wells, of Sinclair Lewis, of so many moderns) are like that. They are not convincing as people, like the men and women of far less intellectual students, Jane Austen for example, no matter how true may be their words. Yet they are indubitably good specimens—collected for the laboratory, powerful as evidence, if only because one feels so sure that they are documented. They are a part of London, 1926-1927. One feels sure that most of them are discoverable in London, 1929.

* * *

Yet if I call Huxley a mediocre novelist, I call him a reporter of genius and a philosophic thinker acute and unafraid, with a background of erudition and an intellect of great subtlety and poise. Huxley is a social critic of a high order and must be taken as such.

Rampion is the spear head of his indictment, but it is the brooding spirit of Quarles, half stoic, half pyrrhist ready to suspend judgment, that interprets the action. Here is a set of people, not living com-

seriously seeking [illegible] corrective of their slackened grip upon living. Lord Edward Tantamount, futile and helpless in active life, has discovered the abstractions of science and happily makes two newt's tails grow where one grew before with no concern for the human species except a puzzle as to the probable rate of their extinction. Lucy Tantamount, his predatory and oversexed daughter, has exhausted sensation and wearied of intellect. Like the Roman decadents she seeks for sexual experience divorced from any sentiment that might interfere with direct physical pleasure, and longs for the days of easy violence when debauchery ended in blood. Spandrell, the rotter, most terrible and most pathetic of Huxley's figures, who makes Dreiser's crude instinctive villains seem like childish Goths, has been mentally wounded in youth by his mother's sensual remarriage. He revenges himself on love by seductions, and in the last desperate attempt to feel the response of a moral self, tries cold-blooded murder, which leaves him where it found him, a worn-out pervert incapable of interest in living. Burlap—a hideous caricature—is the "Christ pervert," a self-deluded hypocrite whose weakness leads him to idealize his sensual vices, until, as Rampion says, he goes to bed with women as if he and they were angels—a jellied soul that slips away from life, when it is fouled, into a pretense of spirituality. These are the intellectual leaders of a civilized London, and they believe in nothing, except music, the common language, the only undissected happiness of all, the one experience of humanity not subject to analysis because it has no ideas but only form.

* * *

These lifeless intellectuals are the leaders in the idea of living only. But Huxley takes no comfort in men of action and invention. Scientists and scholars find an easy happiness by slipping away from the greater problems of life. It is easier to think, experiment, read, than to live. That is why science is so childish when it philosophizes and a scientist or scholar usually the most inept of men in a complex situation involving passion or prejudice —life's booby, like Illidge in this book. He has retired into his laboratory, like Aaron into the Sanctuary when the people raged or talked vain things.

And business, executive organization, economic development is another escape from life:—

> The low-brow of our modern industrialized society has all the defects of the intellectual and none of his redeeming qualities. . . . They take the main intellectualists' axiom for granted—that there's an intrinsic superiority in mental, conscious, voluntary life over physical, intuitive, instinctive, emotional life. The whole of modern civilization is based on the idea that the specialized function which gives a man his place in society is more important than the whole man, or rather *is* the whole man, all the rest being irrelevant or even (since the physical, intuitive, instinctive, and emotional part of man doesn't contribute appreciably to making money or getting on in an industrialized world) positively harmful and detestable.

And so out go the business men, the newspaper proprietors (who are always such dynamos of energetic living in a certain kind of modern novel), the industrialists, and the bankers, as men chiefly engaged in living away from life. And indeed no one can travel for many days in a Pullman on an American railroad without a measure of agreement. *Things* are the only subject of talk; even the dirty story, which at least was human, is gone, and gadgets, stocks, itineraries, and trade information take its place.

Only Rampion, the man with a Jehovah complex, who butts into every argument with his single idea, that—

> Man's a creature on a tightrope, walking delicately, equilibrated, with mind and consciousness and spirit at one end of his balancing pole and body, and instinct and all that's unconscious and earthly and mysterious at the other. Balanced. Which is damnably difficult.

only Rampion has any zest for real life in this book, gets something that he wants from it, and has a good wife who won't leave him (as every one else is about to do). But Rampion has become such a surly Carlyle of a bear from contemplating the folly of intellectuals afraid of life and philistines making dust of it, that he isn't much help. He is a Jonah, a Jeremiah, not a Saviour. The penalties that all pay in this book, save Rampion, are horrible.

* * *

Is "Point Counterpoint" another defeatist book, discoursing of the futility which sterilizes a generation that has given up its convictions because they no longer square with known facts? Scarcely de-

[illegible] things that happen to you are the sort of thing that you are. These subtle, sensation-weary Londoners are conditioned by an environment that has made desire a nervous itch of the brain which can never be eased. They are quite clearly degenerates in the accurate sense of the word, retrogressive as a human species for all their fineness, brittle and neurotic. You cannot argue from them on the positive side because they are no longer quite human. They are like Rampion's picture of the outline of history with little fœtuses, all brain, tickling or disembowelling each other in the misty future of time. "The intellectual life," I quote from Quarles again, "is child's play, which is why intellectuals tend to become children and then imbeciles and finally, as the political and industrial history of the last few centuries clearly demonstrates, homicidal lunatics and wild beasts." "Clearly" here is a strong word, but we can accept it for intelligent people who lose their grip upon the vitalities of living, the subtler or the more energetic, the quicker they rot. Lucy Tantamount, the tigress woman, is one of the logical end-products of an intellectual civilization.

It is a fatalist book, but too narrow, too provincially restricted to the rarefied region of weary intellectualism to be convincingly defeatist. It is more stoic than pyrrhist. Mr. Huxley has not suspended judgment until he should see what those who are not world weary would do when they turn, if they ever do turn, from strenuously knocking things about to the cultivation of life itself. There is a just comparison between Spandrell afraid of sex, afraid of God, and sadistically wreaking himself upon every sexual and godly manifestation, and the scientist taking refuge in the simplicities of relativity or mutation from the hot complexities of his own life. Yet there is no question which is worth more in any scale of human values that does not depend upon an ultimate and unguessable result. The logical answer to Aldous Huxley's fatalistic pessimism is that since all men are not conditioned alike, the things that happen to them may sometimes very safely and happily be the things that they are.

I am aware that Mr. Huxley is stirring deeper water, that he is asking whether any philosophy or any course of action can save the mind from perdition once it has become conscious of its own nature. Bidlake who followed physical pleasure till it turned to pain is not an answer, nor Marjorie sunk in a trance of Christian resignation, nor the disgusting Burlap, playing baby with his latest paramour in the bath tub. And Rampion is only a voice crying, or rather, bellowing, in the night. Huxley would agree with Mr. Joseph Wood Krutch that a life constructed as a conscious work of art is sure to be a failure in a real world; he would agree with all the young futilitarians that there is no objective reason, not physical, why one should not do always what one wants, no matter where it leads. He agrees too much and with too many. It is the fault of an acutely logical mind. He accepts reason against instinct even in the defense of instinct. Such a failing may account for Christ's preference for babes, Buddha's distrust of experience, and the wisdom of the Catholic Church in making intellectual pride a deadly sin.

Every great religion would have had its comment upon the characters of this book, modern as they seem to be; but not a solution because there is no solution, but only an explaining. If you atrophy against life as apparently the best of the Pagans did in the late Roman period, you can construct irrefutable arguments against the significance of living, for argument is only a rationalization of what you are. The kind of man determines the kind of argument quite as much as the kind of thing that happens. And if one asks how to avoid this atrophy of living, the answer may be (*ad hominem*) not to live in the counterpoint of Huxley's London, no matter how much one loves Bach and good conversation. For there are an extraordinary number of things that the people in Huxley's novel never try, even those with their moral fibre intact like Quarles, among others the civilized humility of which the poet sings:

> All mockers of false gods, who loved the True,
> As all who labor for perfection do:
> Yea, mocking, they revered the mystery,
> Its fine discriminations and far sweep,
> As Atom thrills to Atom, Deep to Deep.

Mr. Dodd's reference is to Voltaire and Rabelais and Butler who, if what one desires is a measure of civilization, were certainly as civilized as Spandrell, Quarles, or Lucy Tantamount, and seem to have

[illegible] Huxley's novel as art [illegible] etry because the one is actually a philosophic treatise and the other frankly a philosophic satire. If this were an essay on poetic diction I should have something to say of Mr. Dodd's interesting modifications of the old couplet which permit of a colloquial brusqueness in company with lifts into pure beauty. Why have we let this old form rest so long when a realistic age, grown critical, needs the artificiality of paired rhymes to hold together its loose eclecticism? The sling shot of the couplet can bring down birds that blank verse misses:

> Bards should be practical and up to date.
> They also serve who only pass the plate.

And I have already said of Mr. Huxley's novel, that it should be a social treatise, as witty as he has made it, even more thoughtful, and illustrated by "cases," frankly such, which he would be at liberty to anecdotize as much as he pleased, if only we were sure that they were absolutely authentic. It is the laziness of readers that brings work like his into fiction. Not that he is unskilful. On the contrary, he weaves his point and counterpoint with complete mastery. His story never falters, although it carries a burden of discussion that might make an elephant stagger. But that sort of thing oughtn't to have to be put into fiction and never would in any right thinking age. Lift the social or economic pressure which makes a fine mind like his tell us stories because only so can he get our attention, and "Point Counterpoint" would have been the biting philosophic essay which it so clearly longs to be. Huxley wants to "get the new way of looking at things, whose essence is multiplicity." He wants to look with the biologist's, the bishop's, the chemist's the historian's, the common-sense man's, the flirt's eye, all in a single book. He wants, in fine, to see *through* eyes, not inside of them, and is more interested in what he finds about living than in life itself. A scientist-philosopher, an essayist like his grandfather, with more wit and less concentration, with a broader background, and perhaps less industry, yet with the same kind of questing, analytic imagination—that is what Aldous Huxley is. I wish he would go beyond his note-taking on the interesting aspects of his brilliant, but somewhat neurotic, acquaintances and proceed from provocative stories to the outspoken book he has in his power.

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A Great Russian

DOSTOIEVSKY: The Man and His Work. By JULIUS MEIER-GRAEFE. Translated by HERBERT H. MARKS. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Company. 1928. $6.

Reviewed by MANYA GORDON

THE sub-title of Mr. Meier-Graefe's book is "The Man and His Work," but there is very little of the man Dostoievsky in it. Apparently the biographer's entire information is derived from the Life of Dostoievsky by the latter's daughter, a book which no one who knows anything about Dostoievsky or the Russia of his time would take seriously. To essay an analysis of a group of novels in which personal experiences and aspirations play so large a part without the prerequisite knowledge of the varied life and complex psychology of the author, and of his times, is a thankless effort. Yet this is seemingly what Meier-Graefe has attempted. Had he been content to present a full synopsis of Dostoievsky's novels, which he has read very carefully, it would have been a contribution of a kind. But he endeavors to delve and analyze and explain from the bottom up without the necessary data. For instance, he devotes sixty pages to a discussion of "The Idiot" without the slightest acquaintance with Dostoievsky's love affair with Pauline Suslov which inspired that novel in subject and much of its detail.

Thus the impression that Meier-Graefe is much more preëminently qualified as art critic than as biographer of Dostoievsky, which arises with the opening chapters, becomes a certainty at the end. At first the biographer appears to be aware of his limitations. After venturing a remark on Dostoievsky he will seek refuge in Rembrandt. But as he goes on, the apparent realization that his subject is too foreign for him and inaccessible, impels him, as often happens, to dogmatism and exaggeration, and that in turn involves violent contradictions. Dostoievsky is not only the greatest of Russian writers and thinkers, but he is as great a humorist as Molière!

In order to establish the supremacy of his idol the author finds it necessary to demolish all other Russian literary giants with an assurance that makes one wince. In his opinion Dostoievsky could learn nothing from either Turgeniev or Tolstoy because the two were "tainted with the West." They "portrayed the homeland in the spirit of eminent tourists and utilized the Russian element as a preparation for a pleasant atmosphere." Presumably "Fathers and Sons," "The Memoirs of a Sportsman," "The Power of Darkness," "Redemption," and "War and Peace" were merely literary exercises *en route* towards some higher purpose. Dostoievsky's orthodoxy is extolled but Tolstoy's piety is described as "religious hot air."

* * *

Having eliminated all of Russia's novelists, poets, and critics as factors in Dostoievsky's development, because of their Western "taint," "socialistic" ideals, and general unimportance, our author proceeds to reveal the identity of the non-Westerner who inspired Dostoievsky. It was none other than Meier-Graefe's countryman Schiller! It may be recalled that Dostoievsky's daughter in her Life endeavored to make a German out of her father. The present biographer supplements her effort by making him out a follower of German romanticism. It is difficult to understand the reason for this fantastic notion. Dostoievsky had an aversion for Germany and said some bitter things about the Germans. He almost invariably quotes Schiller satirically. Meier-Graefe is aware of this, but nevertheless insists that the great German romanticist was Dostoievsky's "inspiration." It is impossible that so modern a critic as Meier-Graefe should believe in retribution.

The book as a whole is an excellent example of one popular contemporary method in literary criticism: it matters little whether an assertion conforms to fact, if only it is made vigorously. For example we are told that Dostoievsky is *the* Russian novelist and at the same time that "he never troubled about the Russian steppes, or Russian snows, and in none of his novels does a peasant appear." It is true that the Russian peasant is out of favor nowadays. However it will be recalled that the time indicated is of Nicholas I and Alexander II, before the abolition of serfdom, when factories were practically non-existent in Russia. Apparently even then peasants, the steppes, and snow were not Russian, but the dens of the underworld and the degenerates in whom Dostoievsky specialized were characteristically Russian.

In order to see this real Russia from the proper angle, to reach down to her very soul, it was essential, according to the present biographer, that Dostoievsky should endure in early manhood arrest, conviction, and the tragic experience at the foot of the gallows where he was waiting for execution when a messenger from the Czar appeared with a reprieve and commutation of sentence to hard labor in Siberia. Meier-Graefe is convinced that "without 'The House of the Dead,'—Dostoievsky's account of his Siberian experiences—there could be no Dostoievsky." For this reason he approves entirely of Dostoievsky's "repeated protestation of gratitude to the Czar for the severest punishment thinkable." The biographer refers to *katorga* (hard labor in Siberia) and *ostrog* (prison) repeatedly as if they were magic wands which were responsible, and solely responsible, for the genius of Dostoievsky. The fact that Dostoievsky wrote "Poor Folk" before Siberia and was hailed as a rising genius escapes him completely.

Needless to say Dostoievsky did not require this tragic experience in order to strike acquaintance with the underworld. As the son of a prison doctor he had been from his very infancy in the society of the

ALEXIS KIVI

"insulted and injured." It is not at all unlikely that his later habit of pumping information out of drunkards and criminals, for which he earned the appellation of "the cruel inquisitor," was acquired while watching his father question his unfortunate patients. Undoubtedly much pathological and psychological information must have been acquired during that early period though, of course, these impressions were augmented by the Siberian experiences. But Dostoievsky wrote nothing while in Siberia, and Meier-Graefe admits that he was unable to take up his literary work for a considerable time after his return. "He was timid and had to get away from the immediate past in order to be able to work."

Literary Russia considered Dostoievsky's sad experience at the gallows and in Siberia a calamity. The consequent physical and mental injury was apparent to everyone. His reiterated expressions of gratitude to the Czar only confirmed this view.

The censor, says the London *Observer*, has prohibited the presentation of Jacinto Benavente's latest comedy, "Para el Cielo y los Altares" ("For Heaven and the Altars"), and the opponents of the Directory are trying to make political capital out of the incident.

Benavente admits that the story of Rasputin provided him with the argument on which the play is based. He denies that he had it in mind to promote any religious idea, or to allude to a national situation which might be considered analogous. The reference is to the infirmity from which the Prince of Asturias is said to be suffering.

The Government, in refusing to allow the comedy to be staged, expresses its conviction that the presentation of the play would be utilized by agitators to provoke disorder. The Directory is not averse to its publication in book form.

Jacinto Benavente is to-day the leading Spanish playwright. Some of his plays have been translated into English. In appearance Benavente strongly resembles the portraits of Shakespeare that have come down to us.

Revolt Against Decorum

SEVEN BROTHERS. By ALEXIS KIVI. New York: Coward-McCann. 1929.

Reviewed by PHILLIPS D. CARLETON

THIS book makes one deplore the passing of prefaces. The casual reader needs more than the brief paragraphs on the jacket to fix the book in a frame. He probably knows little of that Finland that lies like a great, curved finger against Sweden and between Sweden and Russia, that was invaded by both, influenced by both, and nevertheless maintains its fierce individuality. Moreover, as far as my knowledge goes, this is only the second novel to be translated from the Finnish. The "Song of the Blood-red Flower" was written about 1918; "Seven Brothers" was published in 1870; deals with an older, wilder land and folk, and was the first of Finland's modern novels. Two novels are little enough basis for the judgment of a literature.

"Seven Brothers" is a tale of the revolt of seven lawless brothers against a civilization which they cannot understand. They leave their ancestral farm, erect their own hut in the woods, and live for the better part of ten years in a barbaric rhythm —working or hunting furiously, eating enormously, and sleeping days at a time after strenuous feasting or drinking. Finally, to avoid the just processes of law, they have to set to work, and they carve a great farm out of the wilderness, conquer their own wildness of soul, and, at the end of the ten years, they settle down as married men in a countryside that they have tamed as effectively as they have their own bursting exuberance. Great scenes stand out unforgettably in this forest life: the four-days' siege that they stand, on a rock surrounded by thirty-three wild bulls, the whole-hearted drinking scenes, the wild chase back to their farm when their cabin burns and the wolves pursue, and the strenuous and sweating efforts that they make to comply with the law and learn their a, b, c's.

In form the book is as unusual as it is in content: lyric passages of tremendous vehemence between pages of dialogue printed as if they were part of a play; folk tales told by the brothers to each oth And all these discordant elements are held in fi unity by a style that reminds one of that "impassioned poem of the sea, 'Moby Dick,' " that has the swing and vigor of a Shakespearian play, and epithets and oaths that belong to Homer.

* * *

The significance and the value of the book lie in the new point of view that it presents. It is no modern tale of old times with a conscientiously unrolled background, nor yet a saga, bare and pithy. It does not resemble the strange, spiritual struggles of Hamsun or Unset or Lagerlöf; the struggle of the brothers is a physical one: sweat oozes from their fingertips as they grip their primers; they wrestle against flesh and blood, and not against principalities and powers of darkness. It presents a revolt against the decorum of civilization, depicts a hearty animal life with no law save that of satiety, a side of the peasant and farmer too little dwelt upon, evident in an ordered community only in sporadic outbursts but always present. Alexis Kivi (Stenvall) was near enough to his source to make his touch authentic, and sufficiently imbued with the spirit of his models—Shakespeare and Cervantes—to give flame and color to what he felt and saw. This passage illustrates, as well as a brief illustration can, the virtues of his writing:

> . . . Soon the wolves halted in their flight, and returning, again flitted swiftly towards the nocturnal wayfarers. The snow foamed around them and Kiljava's naked heath drummed as they came on in a body. At fiery speed they drew level with their comrade who squirmed in his blood; they charged already past him, but turned quickly round as the tempting smell of blood was borne to their nostrils. Round they spun: tails wagged, the snow boiled and fire flashed in the night from eyes of lust and greed. Then, grinning fearfully, the whole pack sprang at their wounded brother; and on the heath arose a grim struggle and a din such that one might have believed the pillars of the earth would collapse crashing down. The ground quaked and the snow was turned to a grisly pulp as former comrades tore the son of the woods into pieces, the wolf whose blood Tuomas's and Lauri's well-aimed bullets had set flowing. Then silence reigned again on the night-clad heath. Only a soft panting and the snapping of bones was heard, as with bloody faces and flashing eyes the brutes rent and devoured their victim.

Praise should be given to Mr. Matson for the ability he has shown in preserving the fluency of the style, and in walking that dangerous path between a racy colloquialism and sang.

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Whatnot

ANTIQUAMANIA. The Collected Papers of PROFESSOR MILTON KLIGALLEN. Edited by KENNETH L. ROBERTS. With illustrations by BOOTH TARKINGTON. New York: Doubleday, DORAN & Co. 1928.

Revieved by JOHN SPARGO

THOSE who remember that rollicking satire, "The Collector's Whatnot," in which a triumvirate of merry and skilled literary craftsmen lampooned the follies and foibles of our most numerous and ubiquitous class, the collectors of antiques of all sorts, will welcome "Antiquamania," by Kenneth L. Roberts, merriest of the distinguished trio responsible for the earlier volume. Surprising as it may seem, even to the point of incredibility, Mr. Roberts has produced a funnier book and a cleverer satire than "The Collector's Whatnot."

The greater part of the little book is devoted to hilarious burlesque accounts of apparently real, though possibly wholly imaginary, trips made in the company of certain distinguished *confrères* of the author who in addition to, because of, or despite (whichever you prefer to believe) their eminence in the arts are not less distinguished among the millions of questers after the old, salvagers of the discarded impedimenta of other generations. On one of these trips, quite appropriately described as a raid on the antique shops of Virginia, the author was joined by Mr. George H. Lorimer, Mr. Joseph Hergesheimer, and Mr. M. L. Blumenthal, the noted illustrator. (No reader of this journal need be told that Mr. Lorimer and Mr. Hergesheimer are also "noted" characters, the former as the editor of our most extensively circulated weekly magazine and the latter as one of its most distinguished contributors.) All three are collectors of antiques whose energetic industry is recognized and acknowledged even by those who decline to regard seriously the current legends of their expert knowledge. Mr. Lorimer specializes in collecting old silver, which is a noble and worthy hobby for the discriminating and opulent, while Mr. Hergesheimer and Mr. Blumenthal specialize in collecting early furniture, which is likewise a noble and worthy hobby that not so long ago a person of moderate income could enjoy. Nowadays it requires as much opulence as collecting early English and American silver, not less discrimination, and more knoweldge of human deceitfulness.

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All three of the eminent collectors whose frenzied raids upon a wide variety of antique shops are here recorded, like Mr. Edwin LeFevre, another distinguished literary light given to much delving among the high-priced débris salvaged from the nation's barns and attics, would seem to have antiquamania in its most exaggerated form. Without regarding too seriously the details of Mr. Roberts's chronicle, it is safe to say that much. Against the background of the experience of his companions, their discoveries of "treasures," their dickering and huckstering, their exultant pride over petty successes and amusing sensitiveness to criticism, he portrays with satire that is too genuinely contemptuous to be bitter, the silly excesses, the ignorance, the herd complex of buyers and the ignorance, knavery, and gall of vendors which go to make up nine-tenths of the present antique business.

Antiquamaniacs have robbed the pastime of collecting of its charm. They have brought into it a horde of ill-mannered vulgarians without taste or knowledge, cackling the pitiful *patois* learned from others of their kind. Junk wisely discarded by previous generations in response to the urge of improved taste is retrieved and declared beautiful and worthy of being treasured. With these vulgarians, whose uncultured taste leads to such fantastic absurdities, there has come a new class of dealers, most of them ignorant bluffers, wholly lacking in the expert knowledge and cultivated taste which made association with the typical dealer of an earlier day so delightful and so profitable—intellectually at least. He might be a rascal, the old-time dealer, though generally he was honest enough, but at least he was a gentleman, cultured, knowing his wares and the standards by which they should be judged. He wasn't afraid to say that the glass vase you admired was of unknown and undeterminable origin, or to admit that neither he nor any other human being could accord it an attribution that was honest or based on anything other than deceit. Collecting antiques was a pleasant and gentle pastime; it has become a mania.

People who bring to the collecting of antiques of any kind, be it furniture, glass, silver, first editions, prints, or whatever else, cultivated taste and discriminating knowledge, will be grateful to Mr. Roberts for this loud outburst of ridicule of the mania and the maniacs.

A Charming Personality

(*Continued from page* 637)

it gives us a very sketchy impression of the youthful, ardent, elusive Cable who roamed the streets of New Orleans, studied her Creoles and Americans, and wrote his first tales because an inner impulse compelled him. Its chief merit is that it does set vividly before us the adult Cable, a man of charming, delicate, almost Hawthornesque personality—but alas, living on a capital of impressions and ideas which he had brought from his native States into an alien region and which steadily dwindled.

The elfin, poetic, simple qualities in Cable's best work are clearly connected with the same qualities in the man himself. He was small in physique, being barely five feet six in height and never weighing more than 110 pounds, but wiry, agile, and nervous of movement. His photographs show delicately chiselled features, surmounted by a domelike brow; a thick silky beard that somehow seems out of place; and quick, kindly, quizzical eyes. His tastes were eminently domestic. He kept himself aloof from all but close friends, he avoided large cities to free himself from social obligations, making his home after the middle 'eighties in Northampton, Mass., and he liked quiet. He was intensely devoted to his children, of whom he had seven, and to his grandchildren, and whatever the pressure of his work, he always kept himself accessible to them. He loved only less his garden, in which during good weather he found daily recreation. Another of his chief pleasures was music; he liked to sing old Creole songs in his clear tenor voice, and at least once he interspersed a Boston reading with some African-Creole songs.

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The first half of Cable's life, so briefly treated in some sixty pages here, was really the most interesting, as it was by all odds the most important. Mrs. Bikle adds some new details from family tradition and letters. His love for New Orleans in childhood was almost a passion; he loved its markets, its picturesque houses, its wharves, its wheezing cotton-compresses, the fishing holes along the river, the bayous beyond. When the death of his father occurred just before he was fifteen, the boy courageously found work in the Custom House in New Orleans. With equal courage, when he reached the age of eighteen during the Civil War he enlisted in the Confederate Army, and was wounded twice before he was mustered out in 1865. He carried books with him in the saddle, and one note of 1865 to his mother, describing an army scene on the banks of the Tombigbee River, shows that he had a natural sense of style. Then came an effort to learn the trade of surveyor, giving him experience of which he made good use in "Bonaventure." It ended disastrously, for his physique was too frail for prolonged outdoor hardships; and it was of course fortunate for him and the world that it did so end. Back at a desk in his beloved New Orleans, he found time to write his first romantic tales, doing it, as he characteristically said, not for fame or money, but "because it seemed a pity for the stuff to go so to waste." These years in New Orleans were troubled by poverty and misfortune, but they were full of life, adventure, observation, and effort, and they gave him the full inkbottle from which he first wrote.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

We can see clearly enough from Mrs. Bikle's book, as we can from Cable's own work, that it was a misfortune that when once fame came, he shut himself up in a classic New England seclusion, stepping forth but rarely and then as a rather self-conscious literary celebrity. He would have done better to stay in the South and keep himself near the people and soil which gave him his materials. All of Cable's best work was published before 1886—his "Old Creole Days" in 1879, his "Grandissimes" in 1880, his "Madame Delphine" in 1881, and his "Dr. Sevier" in 1885. It was for good reason that after he went to live in Connecticut and Massachusetts his freshness and vigor declined. Both his own statements and his daughter's comments reveal a great deal as to his methods of work. He wrought slowly and with the utmost care. He carried the theme of one of his novels, "The Cavalier," in his head for nine years. Again and again he would say that he believed in quality, not quantity, that an author should sell not his milk but his cream, and that a writer "should first live; let him live in extended relations with men." But these pages reveal also that he was out of touch with his old materials. Despite his studious leisure, his endless pains, and the slow maturing years which he allowed between books, this was a period of literary decline. "John March, Southerner," was followed by "Strong Hearts," and "The Cavalier" by "Gideon's Band"; but the old magic which had placed his first stories in the front rank of Southern literature was gone.

Most of the hundreds of letters in this volume are pleasantly readable, and a few, like that which describes the exuberant Mark Twain at the Helmuth Female College in Toronto, and one which details the incidents of a stay with Carnegie at Skibo Castle, are delightful. But there is a lack of good hearty concrete substance in many of them; they are the letters of a man living out of touch with the world which chiefly interested him, and trying to pretend an interest in England, in California, in casual contacts with the literary coteries of Boston and New York, and in public questions. In one field he did excellent public service, championing eloquently the negro against such abuses as the convict lease system. His movement for "Home Culture Clubs," a rather feeble echo of the contemporary Chautauqua and university extension movements, is less impressive. He met rather casually a considerable number of literary men, including Kipling, Barrie, and Henry James, and puts down rather casually his impression of them; but he does not seem to have come to real intellectual grips or to a basis of firm comradeship with any of them except Clemens and perhaps Gilder. We have the impression of a distinguished literary talent left in a partial vacuum, intellectually and emotionally, and suffering from it. Perhaps this is because Cable was never very self-revelatory in his letters, but it is the distinct and enduring impression which his correspondence leaves.

Withal, his was unmistakably a charming personality: tender, fanciful, quick of perception, loyal, and rigidly upright. He had a deep vein of religion, and at one time he traveled weekly from Northampton to Boston to teach a Sunday School class. The one quality in which he was deficient was robustness.

Naturalistic Ethics

SCIENCE AND GOOD BEHAVIOR. By H. M. PARSHLEY. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co. 1928. $2.50.

Reviewed by JOSEPH JASTROW

PROFESSOR PARSHLEY, although a zoölogist, has made a distinctive contribution to psychology. His presentation is a model of popular science. Its scientific character is as notable as its popular appeal. There is no play to the gallery and no misleading simplification. There is merely a stripping of an argument to its essentials and an insistence on lucid and decisive statements, which is as acceptable to the popular mind as it is to the critical reader. In addition, Professor Parshley has a vein of humor, together with a gift for apt illustration which contributes a natural spice, not an artificial flavor. Above all the subject which he discusses is of such large practical import that a "best seller" career for this volume would in itself be an educational aid to perplexed minds.

The foundation of behavior—whether good, bad, or indifferent—in the biological structure, occupies

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HENRY SEIDEL CANBY.....*Editor*
WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.....*Associate Editor*
AMY LOVEMAN.....*Associate Editor*
CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.....*Contributing Editor*
NOBLE A. CATHCART.....*Publisher*

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the basic position. We are as nature made us. Professor Parshley is too good an observer, both in the laboratory and in the human scene, to be misled into supposing that what is natural wholly determines what is desirable. We all live the artificial life. Whatever may be the point of divergence set by nature between what when developed we call "good" and "bad" behavior, it is a fact that the distinction is a sociological one. It is introduced by ends and purposes, ideals and goals which appeal to organized society as conducive to its ends, its welfare, sociologically expressed. The concept of value in behavior appears early and changes its character constantly in the course of the ages. It is because of the profound, almost violent, change in values that recent illumination has precipitated, that many of the older generation regard the current moral code as a menace to the human future. The important attempt of Professor Givler to supply a naturalistic basis for ethics (his "Ethics of Hercules" deserves a far wider hearing than it has received) serves to confirm Professor Parshley's position.

* * *

The practical emphasis falls on freedom, responsibility, knowledge; for such is the trinity of progressive ethics. This in turn proceeds upon the conviction that there is a scientific method of studying behavior and its naturalistic foundation. To suppose that this leads either to a radical or to a limitedly rational view of behavior is to make the false assumption that there is no place in the naturalistic code for feeling. Decidedly there is. Happiness is love tempered by knowledge. It is precisely the emphasis upon the emotional nature that represents one of the achievements of modern psychology. Those who are so inclined will detect it in the contributions of Freud and his illumination of abnormal behavior; it is equally dominant in the altered view of child nature and the stress on control of emotional response in the guidance of childhood. If not already, then soon, will it be the common property of every teacher to recognize that emotional guidance is even more essential than mental guidance in the progressive enfoldment which we call education.

As a defender of naturalistic ethics, the author does well to include concrete examples of the positions to which it leads; in so doing he enters the field of controversy but battles considerately and effectively. He tackles the case of alcohol and has little difficulty (if only we seek unprejudiced evidence) in making plain that this craving is one of the methods of making life bearable; that if indulged in with a sense of freedom tempered by responsibility and knowledge, it has its due place in human behavior. For the moment, disregarding the ignoble mess of prohibition, which politically is called a "noble experiment," it is refreshing to find the way out as available in this as in any similar issue.

* * *

The second instance is the case of religion, a far more difficult, more encumbered arena. Much that is advocated in the name of religion is naturalistically unsound and detrimental. The agreement remains that man cannot and does not care to live by bread alone. That science holds a warrant for the good life is urged with the same loyal enthusiasm that itself is a support for noble causes. The fight with the fundamentalists is fairly simple in principle, however entangled in social obstruction; but the replacing of age-old, revered tenets and their setting with a set of principles detached from historic movement and esthetic appeal, is a far more intricate undertaking. Yet the trend is set in that direction, and science is patient. The association of atheism with moral perversity is at all events obsolete. There can be no evasion of the issue that science claims the dominant share in the regulation of behavior. The long era of compromise between ideals may ease the uncertain adjustment of tradition, emotionally reinforced, and a rationalism too barely challenging, too meagerly rewarding.

Without presenting Professor Parshley's admirable volume as a complete solution of how to adjust modern behavior to modern ideas, one may express the large aid which thousands of readers will derive from this clear and attractive statement. It is in itself an aid both to the appreciation of science and of good behavior.

ERRATUM

By a regrettable error the review of "Thomas Lovell Beddoes, Eccentric and Poet," by Royal H. Snow, which appeared in the issue of the SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE for January 26, was accredited to the wrong publisher. It is issued by Covici, Friede.

The BOWLING GREEN

The Folder

DURING a few weeks' leave of absence from The Green there were three books that came particularly to my attention. One of these, the bed-book par excellence, the perfect Drowsy Syrup, I have taken regularly at midnight, a few pages at a time before my eyelids dropped their shade. I've consumed two or three hundred pages in small doses, and still happily have nearly a thousand to go. The only embarrassment of this champion volume is that it is heavy, and when it falls out of the bed it does so with a crash that wakes you up. This grand work, surely the greatest anthology of detective stories ever compiled, a real Bible for all crime lovers, is called "Great Short Stories of Detection, Mystery and Horror." It is edited by Dorothy L. Sayers (who writes good shockers herself), contains 1230 pages, and is published in London by the admirable Victor Gollancz. I've been waiting to see some publisher announce an American edition, but so far no one has spoken. It's a grand book, no bedside is complete without it.

The second of the three I have only had opportunity to glance at, on the shelves of the SATURDAY REVIEW office, but was seriously tempted to theft. It would be easy, I said to myself, to make off with it while Dr. Canby and Miss Loveman were not looking. I refer of course to Caroline Spurgeon's "Keats's Shakespeare," published by the Oxford University Press. In the private library of Mr. George Armour at Princeton, Miss Spurgeon discovered the little seven-volume edition of Shakespeare which once belonged to Keats and on which the best loved of all young poets fed his imagination. By the kindness of Mr. Armour Miss Spurgeon was able to write an exhaustive description of these volumes, reproducing Keats's own markings and memoranda. It is a fascinating study in the process and cross-fertilization of a poet's mind, and no lover of Keats can even see the facsimile of those marked pages without a strong shudder of excitement.

The third book is one I have not even seen: Robert and Helen Lynd's "Middletown: A Study in Contemporary American Culture." This is reported as an honest attempt to put a representative mid-Western small city under the microscope, studying its morals, manners, and ways of getting, spending, and thinking. I gather that it is a book written purely as observation, with no attempt to be caustic or humorous. That is the kind of anthropology that appeals to me, and this book, though it has not come under my eye, emits vibrations of great interest.

* * *

I think it proper to round up here some odds and ends of inquiry or comment that have gathered in The Folder. First, as an anthropological item, I can't resist reprinting a charmingly discreet card from a merchant of unconstitutional wares:—

Any future business in the line that I was formerly connected with will be taken care of by ————

Ruth L., St. Louis, writes:—

You state that Antony and Cleopatra contains the wittiest line of indecorum in Shakespeare. Such a statement would arouse anyone's curiosity, so I promptly reached for Antony and Cleopatra and began the hunt.

An hour later I decided that I had found the line. I thought it occurs when the messenger arrives to tell Cleopatra of Antony's marriage with Octavia. But when I showed the line I had chosen to a friend, she remarked that she could see nothing very witty in it. I appealed to a second friend. "It is unusual," thought I to myself, "for me to miss a witty or indecorous line, but I could hardly miss a combination of the two." The second friend also failed to confirm my suspicion. Next I asked an English teacher with whom I'm taking a course in Shakespeare. She also disagreed.

Now, in desperation, I write to you. If you *will* make such a tantalizing statement, I hope you will be willing to illustrate it.

I think it is good for clients to be tantalized occasionally so I shan't identify the line further than to say that it occurs in the 5th scene of the First Act.

* * *

J. S., Philadelphia's tireless leatherstocking in the forests of literary relics, reports:—

I was in Richmond, Va., for the day with my boy; we "did" all the places of Poe interest—Lord, same thing obtains there as here, 'n prob'ly anywhere else—we went to the Home of Poe's Helen (the first one—the first Helen, I mean); it's a fashionable club now where none but a member or one bearing member's card is permitted; not open to visitors, but a dollar greased the colored gentleman, who showed us thru. He was a fairly intelligent fellow, but it was plain as day that he neither knew nor ever heard that the fashionable old clubhouse was once the old Stanard home—nor, for that matter (painful to think of it) could he find any of the members who knew anything at all about it!! We went out to Shockcoe Cemetery, to see Helen's grave, and were pleased beyond measure to "discover" for ourselves that the Allan graves are on the other side of the pathway, but few steps from Helen's resting place. We were in the lovely old church on the spot where the Richmond Theatre stood (destroyed by fire during Xmas holidays 1819); church was erected as a memorial of the fire. Poe's mother and father played there.

* * *

But most charming of all recent correspondence is this letter from our subscriber in Buffalo, Wyoming; who is dissatisfied with the portrait of Harry Johnson's bartender's mustache which we printed some time ago.

Dear Sir: Please excuse me writing in pencil but the rheumatism is so bad I can't use a pen. I just got back from three weeks at Thermopolis and when I got home my wife only had two Sat Reviews. I always read your part and she reads the literary part. If it were a Saturday Evening Post lost I could go to any of the neighbors and get theirs, but ours is the only Sat Review West of the Missouri, though I have an idea there is one at Albuquerque, N. M., and that's a long way to go. What I am writing to you about is the Bartenders and their moustaches. I am an old man but have had quite an experience in such matters and so I hope you will forgive me for correcting you. The moustache you illustrate is not a bartender's, it belongs to the professional gambler who runs the game, it's exactly Cain's. No not Hall Cain, he was a Manxman and wrote books and they were all right in those days but they would not sell nowadays, not enough pep. I mean Harrison Cain, you have got his moustache to a hair. The bartender moustache was not so Italian, more Dutch. Red Angus here in Buffalo had it perfect, flatter and more droop but well turned up at ends. Red was the perfect bartender. That man of yours, Rose Benét, rides 'em pretty, he's the best of your outfit and don't let him quit, raise his wages if you have to, he steps on to them pretty, his confidence in himself is collosal but he does not handle 'em rough. I visualize him as looking like Kipling but bigger. I am trying to string together a lot of my anecdotes which are typed, they are all about people I have met in the West, Bryan (good old soul), James Gordon Bennett, Lily Langtry, Miss Fortescue, Calamity Jane, Cattle Kate, Gen. Booth, Jim Bridger, Moreton Frewen, father of [illegible] Sheridan, Indian fights, buffalo, army officers, dance girls, pony express, Roosevelt and lots more. I like paper.

EDWARD BURNETT.

* * *

Clifton Blake, of Austin, Texas, learns from a London bookseller's catalogue that in Sir Kenelm Digby's copy of Percivale's *Dictionairie in Spanish and English* he wrote "Vindica te tibi! Kenelme Digby," which was not only very characteristic of him but an excellent motto for a bookplate.

* * *

Some melancholy reflections on the relativity of human taste and morality are induced by study of the scandals of former generations. I have been reading the script of *The Black Crook*, an old play by Charles M. Barras (does anyone know anything about him, by the way?) which was a sensation sixty years ago. All of us, from our earliest years, have heard *The Black Crook* spoken of in a bated breath as a work of wicked audacity which gave our grandparents delicious thrills of vicarious sin, and rent the air of little old New York with discussion pro and con. It now appears that the horror was caused by the fact that members of the chorus appeared in tights, which was regarded as a pulverization of the Stone Tables. For certainly there is nothing in the script of the play that can be construed as vicious. It is a rather charming and florid work, more than a mere baroque spectacle for it involves a quaintly Faustian plot and some good buffoon comedy. But as for being wicked, it is as moral as John Bunyan. It was probably inspired by the Drury Lane pantomimes, and was certainly the progenitor of the modern revue—a sort of shotgun wedding of George Sand and Sliding Billy Watson. But to find out why it was considered Wicked it will be necessary to revive it and play it again. To do so will be a fascinating laboratory experiment in comparative anthropology. It is disheartening to think that the sociologist of sixty years hence will undoubtedly make merry over the embattled moralizings of 1929 and regard some of our Scarlet Sins as mere peccadilloes.

The Black Crook (who wasn't a crook in our present sense of the word, but a hunch-backed "alchymist") was published in Buffalo in 1866, by a printing house called Rockwell, Baker, and Hill, 196 Washington Street. Have any Buffalo booksellers ever run across copies of the first edition?

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

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England and America. II,

Economic Aspects: *Economic Empire-Building*: *Industrial Democracy*

AN earlier article expressed the view that the real basis of Anglo-American relations was a certain unity in moral outlook which in the past had caused the development of political liberty and democracy, and that this same moral sense was now driving the British Commonwealth and the United States to coöperate to end the war system through the substitution of reason and justice for force as the final arbiters of international problems. When we turn to economics, however, the place of morals is not so clear. It is true that the amazing energy and efficiency of modern invention and business enterprise sprang largely from that moral independence of character which resulted from the Renaissance and the Reformation, and which had exceptional opportunities for growth in Great Britain and the United States because they were insulated from the constant military storms of Europe by the sea. It is by no means an accident that the Industrial Revolution began in Great Britain and has reached its most striking manifestation of power in modern times in the United States. But in the development of its economic civilization neither country has given much place to moral ideas.

The primary effect of the substitution of power and machinery for human and animal labor has been to raise the standard of living of all industrial peoples. During the nineteenth century the average standard of living of the inhabitants of Great Britain rose fourfold, and to-day the standard of living in the United States is more than fifty per cent higher than that of Great Britain.

The secondary effect has been to introduce a new public issue comparable in its importance to those which centered around political liberty and political democracy in earlier days. The industrial revolution has resulted in the ownership and control of the means of production, distribution, and exchange, by which the community lives, becoming concentrated in the hands of a highly prosperous minority while the majority of the people have become wage-earners. The worst consequences were seen in Great Britain where the transition took place before the people had conquered political power from the landlords and the early capitalists, and where the workers were herded from the land into industrial slums with no statutory protection against exploitation and maltreatment until the middle of the nineteenth century. In the United States the industrial revolution produced no equal evils, partly because the Homestead and other Acts enabled a very large proportion of the people to become individual owners of landed property, and partly because where popular government flourished in a land of vast untapped natural resources it paid capital better to make profits by looting the national estate by political corruption than by depressing the standard of living of the people.

Recently, in both countries, factory acts have placed ever increasing responsibilities on the employer, and the policy of social reform has taxed the superfluity of the rich in order to relieve the necessities of the poor, or to provide social services and amenities for the many. The increase in the proportion of the wage earning classes has also been accompanied by growth in the practice of shareholding among people who a decade or so ago only patronized the savings banks. But shareholding has little to do with industrial democracy. In neither country has any real step been yet taken to bring the vast economic machine which increasingly governs the lives of the community under the control of the people themselves. While the ideal that all government should be of the people, by the people, for the people, is now triumphantly conquering the world so far as politics are concerned, it has made practically no progress in the economic sphere.

The international effects of the industrial revolution have been not less far reaching than the domestic. It began by increasing the volume of ordinary trading exchange. But it soon produced another and more far reaching result. In the nineteenth century Great Britain exported vast quantities of capital all over the world in the shape of railroad equipment, machinery, and cash with which to pay local labor. This did not merely mean that new democratic nations, such as modern Canada, Australia, or the Argentine came into being through migration from Europe, and that the use of power and machinery was introduced into the ancient civilizations of the Orient. It meant that Great Britain began to own vast and profitable assets all over the world and to supplement her political empire by an economic empire. In lesser degree France and Germany followed the same course in Africa and Asia. In this world process the United States took but a small part. Her energies were concentrated on her own "manifest destiny," to annex, people, and develop most of the North American continent. Her economic empire building was confined to Central America and the North Pacific.

The days of political empire building are now over. Nationalism—the child of liberty and democracy—is too strong. Even Great Britain is now everywhere in full retreat from political imperialism under the impulse of the doctrine of self-determination. But economic empire-building is only in its infancy.

There are 1,800,000,000 people living on the earth. Of these not more than 500,000,000 had learnt to use power and machinery to any effective degree before the war. To-day power and machinery and economic organizations are transforming all the world, even the jungles of Central Africa, partly because surplus Western capital is ransacking the globe for trade opportunities and profitable investment, and partly because the people themselves are beginning to clamor for economic development because they see that it is the only way in which they can escape from their age-old calamity—poverty. Whatever may be said against economic imperialism on theoretic grounds, it is the only way in which the standard of living of the masses of Africa and Asia can be raised at present, just as political imperialism by a liberal power was the only way in which politically backward peoples could survive the impact of Western civilization and be taught the rudiments of free government in the century that has passed. Indeed, the real criticism which can be made of British Imperial policy in the past is that it failed to improve the standard of living of the people in anything like the same degree as it improved the political government under which they lived. It established individual liberty everywhere, but it did not abolish poverty.

In this economic empire building the United States, so far from taking a secondary position, is bound to take the leading place. She has more surplus capital, more engineers, accountants, and business men in training than any other nation, and as the proportion of her people in mining and agriculture falls and in industry rises, she must become ever more interested in the raw materials, the food supplies, and the markets of the whole world.

The fact that in 1926 her people invested no less than $1,500,000,000 abroad (though the net figure was only a third) is a symptom of the tide of American investment which is going to flow round the world in future. Before many decades have passed the United States will possess the most tremendous economic empire the world has ever seen, owning and managing land and buildings and factories, mines and businesses in all countries and having a large proportion of the human race in its employ. It cannot be otherwise because the whole world wishes to escape from poverty, poverty can only be destroyed through the use of power and machines, and power and machines can only be installed in return for giving the purveyors of capital the ownership and management of the assets into which their lendings are turned.

It is sometimes said that an irrepressible conflict must arise between Great Britain and the United States and other leading economic powers, each struggling for the raw material supplies or for the lion's share of the markets of the world. There will be competition and friction, no doubt, but there need be no irrepressible conflict if wisdom governs their policies. The world is on the verge of an expansion of production and exchange hitherto undreamed of—an expansion which will keep all the industrial nations fully employed on a rising standard of living for an indefinite period, if the leading nations can prevent war among themselves. The equipment with power and machines of the 1,200,000,000 of the human race now mainly dependent on human and animal energy will give them a producing and therefore a consuming capacity which will not only immensely heighten their own standard of living, but create a world market immeasurably greater than any yet conceived. If the industrial nations, following the intelligent capitalism of the modern era, recognize that the key to their own problems is not internecine competition for a limited market, but the intelligent expansion of the world market through judicious investment and good wages, and the rationalizing of competition within it, no irrepressible conflicts need arise.

The problems will be difficult. They seem likely to fall into two groups. The first will come from the prevailing nationalist desire to manufacture as well as produce primary products. Just as the United States, Canada, Australia, and so on, erected tariffs against British machine-made goods once their primary production was organized, and maintain these tariffs to exclude the products of cheap labor, so Asia and Africa seem likely to raise tariffs against American and other mass production goods. Similarly international problems will arise from the attempts now being made by almost all nations to help their own traders or to build up national merchant marines each capable of carrying their own trade, by subsidies or discriminations of various kinds, a system which can only have the result of so reducing the price of world commodities or so over-developing merchantile shipping as to make international trade non-paying, or to transfer ocean transportation costs to the taxpayers' backs.

International relations in economic affairs for the next few years seem likely to be dominated by the controversy between those who believe in the nationalist or protectionist and subsidizing policy and those who see far greater prosperity for everybody in international coöperation for the all round reduction of tariffs, subsidies, and other restrictions to normal commercial intercourse all over the globe.

The second group of economic problems goes deeper. The equipment of the whole world with machinery will bring into being international, financial, and business organizations more powerful than many pre-War governments, and these international organizations will be entirely beyond the control of any government or people. The greater proportion of this colossal wealth will remain in relatively few hands, for, though poverty is disappearing, the proportion of wealth in the hands of the rich and the relatively poor seems to remain fairly constant. Moreover, these gigantic trusts and combinations are not only beyond the control of governments but also of the shareholders who draw dividends from them. The power over finance and industry to-day is almost as absolute and as autocratic as was the power over political government in the days when feudal barons and hereditary kings were preparing the ground for the modern Parliamentary states.

There is another immensely important aspect of this problem. Not only will there be the difference between the majority inside each state who live mainly on their earnings and the minority who live mainly by owning the means of production, distribution, and exchange, but the Western nations, and especially the United States, will be largely *rentier* nations living, as Great Britain does to-day, to a great extent on the tribute in rent, dividends, and profits drawn from their foreign investments in mainly wage-earning countries not so far advanced in the economic scale. Not only is it becoming increasingly difficult for protectionist nations to draw interest in real values, but an increasingly violent national protest is arising in backward countries against their land and industries being largely owned and controlled by absentee landlords—a protest only kept in bounds by the still obvious need of these countries to continue borrowing capital abroad.

It is this second group of questions which is manifestly becoming the supreme economic issue of the twentieth century. Already, though capitalist expansion is rushing round the world at an ever-rising speed, the arena for the next great struggle for human progress is set. Lenin, Gandhi, and Mr.

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by Philip Kerr

Hoover are the protagonists of the three creeds, out of whose collision a new era will be born.

Lenin, the foremost champion of Socialism, says that the human spirit can no more develop freely under capitalism as it has been built up mainly by Britain and America, than it could under Czardom. A system in which the driving power of all economic activity is profit-making or self-interest and not public service, in which a minority lives luxuriously on rent, interest, and profits derived from the ownership of the means of production and distribution by which the community lives, while the majority exists precariously on the wages it can get by selling its labor in a competitive market, when it can get employment at all, has at the heart of it, so the Socialist and the Communist agree, a canker which must poison the body politic so long as it exists. It is a system, so they continue, which exaggerates the value of material wealth, creates class distinctions, defeats democracy, and breeds inevitable war; whose inner hypocrisy is well revealed by the slogan of the Service Clubs: "He profits most who serves best." The only cure, so the true Socialist believes, is to abolish profit making out of the means of production and exchange, and to organize society so that every citizen is paid amply for the work he does but nobody "lives by owning."

Mahatma Gandhi goes further still. He says that Western capitalism has universally aggravated the worship of materialism and that the only hope for humanity is to reverse engines altogether, to dethrone the machine, to renounce pleasures and possessions, and to find its satisfaction in thought and religion. Hence non-coöperation, the *charka* or spinning wheel, and the simple life of the Ashram. Gandhi, in essence, is pleading the same message as Buddha of old, when he asked what the purpose of the endless series of births, maturities, and deaths could be, like Solomon pronounced it vanity, and turned to the suppression of all desire and the contemplation of the Infinite as the only worthy end of being.

At the opposite pole stands Mr. Hoover. He says that happiness is to be found in the indefinite multiplication and satisfaction of human desires, in providing every man, woman, and child first with honest work and its reward, a proper labor-saving home, plenty of good food and clothing, education, and thereafter an ever increasing surplus to be spent on motors, radios, books, travel, and recreation infinitely expanded by invention and research. The instrument in this process is electric power and machinery: the agent is the efficient and far-sighted capitalist and business man, encouraged and assisted, but not directed or controlled, by a friendly government. The fact that some will be richer than others will not matter if all have enough.

There is the battle field. The outcome none can safely prophecy, except that no one of the three plans of campaign will win out completely. For the moment Mr. Hoover is in the ascendant, for the human appetite for what he offers is, at the moment, insatiable. Mahatma Gandhi is losing ground because his emphasis is too much on negation and repression, whereas what mankind wants is joy and a full life. Lenin is losing ground because he sold out to despotism in its most ruthless form as the method of establishing his Utopia, and because his system, while it has successfully abolished the rich, has left everybody else equally poor.

But Mr. Hoover's day is not going to last. When liberty loving folk have ceased to find satisfaction in prosperity and ever more prosperity, they seem likely to ask themselves how the colossal trusts and amalgamations which increasingly will govern their daily lives, and which by the law of their being must be run in the interests of their owners and not of the public, are to be made to conform to their old ideals of liberty and democracy. They will ask, too, why domestic inheritors of capital stock and foreign investors should add in perpetuity to the cost of vital national services. It is an old adage that the price of liberty is eternal vigilance, and vigilance will certainly be necessary if an economic government of the world is not to be evolved which will be outside the control of anybody but the select company of supermen who conduct it primarily in the interest of those who own its shares.

Great Britain and the United States are bound to take a leading part in the solution of this tremendous problem, partly because they are the two leading capitalist nations still expanding their economic empire in all parts of the world, and partly because the moral independence which lies at the root of the character and thinking of Anglo-Saxon and Protestant civilization cannot fail to respond to the challenge which modern capitalism is making to liberty and democracy. How they will approach the problem it is still too early to say. The progressive movement for social democracy in the United States was overwhelmed by the War and prosperity, but no student of American history can fail to expect it to revive in due time. The Labor movement is within reach of power in Great Britain, but is steadily moving away from the abstract socialist theorizing of the continent of Europe.

The debate will centre on the one hand about the moral title to usury and on the other about the moral right of the community to take control over the more vital aspects of economic government through stringent taxation of the rich. The ultimate solution—as always in the Anglo-Saxon world—will be moral and religious. It is worth noting, therefore, what Moses, one of the greatest legislators of history, and Jesus of Nazareth, the unquestioned spiritual leader of the English-speaking world, had to say upon the point. The Mosaic law prescribed that real property should be redivided every forty-nine years, so as to permit enterprise but forbid hereditary accumulation. It ordained that usury, or the making of money out of your neighbor's need, was morally wrong. And it enjoined that debts unpaid after seven years should be forbidden, for human freedom was more important than the rights of property. Jesus of Nazareth went further. While taking not a jot or a tittle from the old law he added that those who wanted to enter into the kingdom of the spirit—the kingdom of happiness in which the cares of this world and the pleasures of the flesh cease to burden and affect humanity—had better avoid the pursuit of riches as a main end of life.

It is difficult to see how these simple moral truths are to be applied to the immense and complicated structure of the modern economic world. But it also seemed difficult to see how liberty could break through the authority of church and state, or how the common people could possibly take the control of so expert and complex a thing as government into their own hands. But if these things are true, the way will be found. At any rate, if the English-speaking peoples, in this century, are to help to end war upon the earth and to add economic democracy to the political democracy they have already achieved, they will have a task which will tax all their wisdom and energy, and will leave no time for those selfish quarrels into which persons and peoples who are not public spirited are prone to fall.

Philip Kerr, author of the foregoing article, is heir-presumptive of the Duke of Lothian, secretary of the Rhodes Trust, was editor from 1910-1916 *of the* ROUND TABLE, *and from* 1916-1921 *secretary to Prime Minister Lloyd George. In the latter capacity he took an active part in the peace negotiations. His articles will be followed next week by a rejoinder by Walter Lippmann.*

The Mad Hunter

MY WAR MEMOIRS. By EDUARD BENES. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1928.

Reviewed by HAMILTON FISH ARMSTRONG

Editor *Foreign Affairs*

TWO great men in one small country make the temptation to analogy irresistible. One always speaks of "Masaryk and Benes"—and in that order. But the obvious analogy between the two leaders of the Czechoslovak revolution has tended to write Masaryk down in the books of his contemporaries and the dispatches of the correspondents as a philosopher reluctantly impelled to action, while Benes is described as a young man of action reluctantly obliged by his elder philosopher and friend to spend some time in sober thought.

Actually, Masaryk was never inflexible or dogmatic, never more devoted to a program than to the attainment of the goal, never unwilling to fight promptly, nor to risk all when the moment for gaining all arrived. His memoirs have shown that he was not unable to let a high tide of intense activity carry him through some of the times, when, viewed intellectually, the Czechoslovak cause looked most desperate.

Similarly, the memoirs of Benes ought to put his well-rounded character in a truer light. These pages, packed tightly with brief, bare statements of the most adventurous matters, ought to dispel any doubts that, though young, he possessed a large endowment of philosophic detachment, together with an ability to think coolly before leaping in the dark. The reader should note that the whole impersonal conception of the book is the best proof of Benes's passionate love of the national ideal, and of his habit of sinking his personal reaction to events in the estimate of the events themselves. "At the time my wife was in some Viennese prison," he writes; or, again, "I lunched and had supper for one and a half francs, and prepared my own breakfasts"—and returns to describing his work.

The first act is laid in Prague, where discussion of how a Czech patriot should act in the emergency created by the outbreak of war soon brought Masaryk and Benes into collaboration. Benes tells how they worked on more diffident and cautious Czech politicians, how Masaryk left to organize the work abroad, how the "Maffia" was created and how it functioned, how Kramar, Rasin, and others were arrested, how he himself escaped, and how Masaryk took up the work in London, together with general supervision over the whole revolutionary activity, while he installed himself in Paris. Their task was the gradual introduction to Western Europe of notion of a Czechoslovak people, and the propa tion of the idea that it could be made a vital factor in reorganizing Central Europe, to the advantage of democracy and the permanent thwarting of the *Drang nach Osten.* They were backed up by extraordinarily good information from Prague, Vienna, and Budapest, and fortified by the fact that among all the statesmen of Europe Masaryk was one of the few equipped by training and temperament to explain the significance of the World War in World History.

It would of course be futile to attempt to give here any detailed examination of the work, day by day, month by month. Two crises are particularly interesting. To one of them—the dangers centering around the ambitions and weakness of Russia—Benes makes too brief allusion. Some leaders in Prague thought of a state federated with Russia, some of a nominally separate kingdom under a Russian Grand Duke. There was a grave risk lest the movement spend itself cultivating the support of Russia, which Masaryk and Benes saw clearly was the weakest link in the Allied chain. The whole story of Russian policy toward the smaller Slav peoples during the war should sometime be told in detail. Certainly it is true that if Russia had maintained itself as an Allied Power its representatives at the Peace Conference would never have permitted the creation of Poland, Czechoslovakia, or Jugoslavia in their present form.

The moment when a separate peace with Austria-Hungary became so tempting to many Allied politicians was of course the greatest danger of all for the Czechoslovak movement. The account of how in part it was circumvented and how in part the stupidity and tardiness of the Austro-Hungarian tentatives automatically involved the old Empire in failure is among the most interesting chapters of the war.

Benes is one of the two or three statesmen who have had a hand in every important political development on the continent of Europe during the last ten years. This volume dealing with his earlier work will be one of the inevitable sources of reference for all future historians of the period. And it has an even wider meaning. The Carnegie Endowment's hundred-and-fifty volume history tells how to organize all the services of a war; the Masaryk and Benes volumes are a complete text-book for organizing a revolution.

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Books of Special Interest

Pegasus Press Books

GIOVANNI PISANO. By ADOLFO VENTURI. Illustrated. Paris: The Pegasus Press; New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1928. $42.

THE DRAWINGS OF G. B. TIEPOLO. By DETLEV BARON VON HADELN. In 2 volumes with 150 plates. The same. $63.

Reviewed by FRANK JEWETT MATHER

THESE royal in quartos of luxurious Italian manufacture will make the impecunious student, to whom they are particularly useful, indulge in many a twinge of envy. Everything in plates and letter press, save for an insufficiently opaque paper, is of the most fastidious taste, and what is exceptional in such publications *de luxe*, the text is written by distinguished scholars. The poor student may after all console himself with the thought that these tomes will surely be accessible in the libraries without the cost or responsibility of his own proprietorship.

We opened Professor Venturi's volume on Giovanni Pisano with the reasonable expectation of finding it a simple revision of his eloquent chapter in the "Storia dell' Arte Italiana." As a matter of fact, it is substantially a new book, for which the pages of the "Storia" offer no equivalent. The changes are mostly in the direction of new attributions. Professor Venturi isolates new works by Giovanni from the external sculpture of the Pisan baptistery, pronounces more definitely than formerly as to collaboration of Giovanni in the works of Niccolo, and ascribes to Giovanni the more impressive portions of Frate Guiglielmo's pulpit in S. Giovanni Fuoricivitas, Pistoia. The limitations of what is rather an extended essay than a book forbid substantiating these attributions by the usual arguments. And here is where the one hundred and twenty plates come in. These are of a scale and definition to permit the student to form his own judgment, and in themselves constitute an extraordinarily complete revelation of the great sculptor's work. The author's eloquent and at times florid Italian has apparently been moderated for purposes of translation, and the anonymous rendering is excellent.

From the thousands of extant drawings by G. B. Tiepolo, Baron von Hadeln has selected for reproduction one hundred and fifty, which represent every phase of the great draughtsman's production, except his remarkable studies of hands, feet, etc. These we think the author underestimates, and it would improve a new edition to add one or two such sheets. The brief introduction is instructive. We learn that at a time when there was a passion for painter's drawings, Tiepolo's magnificent sheets were generally ignored. Some were too fragmentary, all seemed slight in comparison with the drawings of the Renaissance. It was the zeal of a few amateurs that made the classical albums, miscalled sketch books, the breaking up of which has supplied most of the Tiepolo drawing which we have. Perhaps half a dozen of these albums are still entire, and a great service of this book is the publication of much new material from the album in the Fondazione Horne, at Florence, and in the Wendland collection, at Lugano. A still more important album, in the Sartorio collection at Trieste, was unhappily unavailable, being still sequestered by the Jugo-Slav government as a singularly prolonged sequel of the world war.

Tiepolo's luminous and delicately strong sepia drawings, which are now paid at about their weight in diamonds, come off admirably in the reproduction, and properly claim more than half of the plates. Baron von Hadeln has rendered an excellent service in presenting adequately for the first time a sufficient number of those even rarer and more searching drawings in chalks. Many of these plates are related to the frescoes at Würzburg, and one may study in them the genesis of this stupendous decoration.

In a work of this scholarly kind a much fuller registry of collections of Tiepolo drawings might be expected and would be welcome. It is a paradox that the great museums and print rooms are uniformly poor in Tiepolos. In or about Boston there must be a couple of dozen examples, including a handful of the finest sheets from the Orloff collection. In a well-known private collection at Englewood, New Jersey, there are some seventy sheets, and many scattered through this country.

In consideration for the collector, who will frequently meet in the market Tiepolos which Giovanni-Battista himself never saw, Baron von Hadeln reproduces characteristic drawings by Domenico and Lorenzo Tiepolo with a couple by a clever contemporary imitator who may be studied in the Kupferstichkabinett at Berlin.

A book like this is a substantial contribution to the joy of study, and, on the practical side, to the safety of the always extrahazardous pursuit of collecting.

Oriental Poems

LUTE AND SCIMITAR. By ACHMED ABDULLAH. New York: Payson & Clarke. 1928.

Reviewed by NICHOLAS MARTINOVITCH
Columbia University

THERE are usually two kinds of books which deal with the Orient: scientific works written in a style unreadable for the public, and popular books full of incorrect, legendary, and non-existent material which the publishers alone consider interesting for the public. A third group consists of works which give the reader good, serious material in a popular form, but, unfortunately, these works are quite rare. We must say immediately that the book under discussion belongs to the last group.

The volume contains a selection of poems and ballads which the translator collected in his travels in Central Asia and has translated from the Afghan, Persian, Turkoman, Baluchi, and other languages into good English with brief introductory comments. The collection presents a wonderful storehouse of ethnology and folk-lore. The annotations of the author contain rich information in the field of the historical and religious life of several Oriental peoples and countries. Concerning the form of the English verses one reproach, perhaps, can be made: the translated verses apparently are not a line by line version of the original which is not published. For instance, we know that the "ghazal" (a form of poem) has hemistichs of almost equal length, but in the translation they are represented by verses of very different lengths, varying from two to twelve words, and even a hemistich is sometimes translated as one verse, sometimes as two lines. The style of translation, and especially its exterior view, are often pretentious.

Of course, it is impossible to write a work of such contents without faults, mistakes, or misunderstandings, and there are some in this book. The first question is the transliteration of the personal names. The author writes his own name Achmed (the German pronunciation?) but we have also Mohammed, where "h" is the same as in Ahmed. Why, moreover, is the name of a dynasty written Barukzai instead of Barakzai, while that of a tribe is correctly given as Warakzai? The author thinks that Tarantchi live about Kuldja in Eastern (Chinese) Turkestan. They did live there until about 1870, when they left Kuldja and settled in the Semiretchye province of Western (Russian) Turkestan. A "Bokharan" language is unknown because many different peoples live in Bokhara; the Uzbegs (and not Uzbeks) speak their own Uzbeg Turkish dialect; the designation Uzbegs is a political rather than an ethnical term and it means the followers of Uzbeg-Khan, a descendant of the famous Ghenghiz-Khan, "the Conqueror of the World." The Dungans also speak their own Dungan Turkish dialect, and not "Tartar" language, as the author says. We find also some incomprehensible statements. What does the term "High Tartary" mean in modern language and was the designation in the original text? Who are the "Turkoman-speaking Kalmicks"? The Turkomans are Turks, and the Kalmucks are Mongols and speak the Kalmuck dialect of the Mongolian language. The autobiography of Tamerlane should not have been quoted, for it is a very doubtful work, and is even, perhaps, a forgery. "Atalyk Ghazi" never means "defender of Faith," but defender of (native) country, from ata—father. "Misra" is not a short poem of the Afghans; in Arabic and Persian misra means a hemistich, and, because of that, "is supposed to be sung in one breath."

Notwithstanding all these remarks we must repeat that "Lute and Scimitar" is a very valuable work with rich and precious material.

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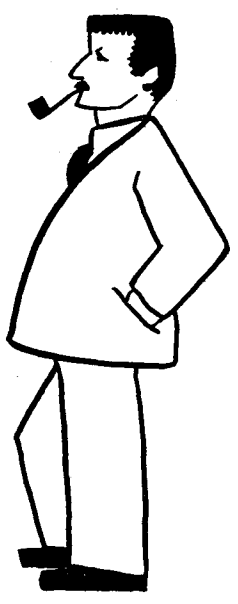

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Books of Special Interest

Facsimile or Patchwork?

GERARD'S HERBAL. THE ESSENCE THEREOF DISTILLED BY MARCUS WOODWARD. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 1928. $7.50.

HORTUS FLORIDUS. The First Book, containing a very and true Discription of the Flowers of the Springe. By CHRISPIN VAN DE PASS. London: The Cresset Press. 1928.

Reviewed by MARION PARRIS SMITH

THE appearance of an American edition of "Gerard's Herball," (reviewed at length in the *Saturday Review* for December 14, 1927) and of the beautiful volume from the Cresset Press bearing the magic name of Crispin de Pass, raises some delicate questions which bear discussion. These are delightful books, and the book-buyer with a bank account is advised to acquire them. But the collector with a slender purse might do well to pause and consider just what they are; are they facsimiles, reprints, or collections of "elegant extracts"?

The widespread interest in fine gardening, which in both England and America has been of growing intensity since the War, has very naturally evoked a corresponding interest in herbals and old garden books. These books, formerly the concern of antiquarians, have in a very few years risen rapidly in value and become "collectors items." Parkinson's "Paradisus in Sole" is cheap at £30; Fuch's great work is rarely to be had below £80. Herbals published before 1500 rank among the most costly of the incunables; a late edition of the "Ortis Sanitatis" sold last summer in London for £500. These prices are prohibitive for the collector of moderate means —(who is moreover, often a serious student of historical botany or horticulture, and whose library is not the hobby of the amateur, but the workroom of a scholar) so it is not surprising that facsimile reprints of the more famous or popular works should be produced. Methuen published a facsimile of the "Paradisus in Sole" in 1923, a magnificent piece of bookmaking, recapturing in paper and letter-press, the spirit of the original. Its only defect is an ultra-modern binding. In 1925 a facsimile of the "Ortis Sanatatis" of 1485 was published in Munich, together with a valuable essay on herbals in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, and a complete list of editions appearing before 1660. Both of these books are exact reproductions, and students can use them as confidently as they could originals.

But Gerard's Herbal (next to Parkinson's "Paradisus" the most interesting garden book in English) has been republished in a mutilated and abbreviated form. "The essence thereof" has been "distilled" by Marcus Woodward. This means that interesting and characteristic passages, amounting to about one tenth of the original text, have been reprinted, but most of the material important to an antiquarian or to a student of botany has been omitted. 114 of the original 2717 woodcuts have been reproduced on a small scale, and the whole recast in a form utterly unlike the old calf folio. The editor's notes, identifying the early common names of flowers with modern ones, are valuable. According to the dust-jacket, one can read "its glorious Elizabethan prose, and all its quaint conceits about the virtues of herbs" and the editor assures us in the introduction that "no word has been altered, although all that is tedious and gross has been omitted." But the student may complain that he cannot look up any plant unless Mr. Woodward has chosen to include it, and, thus, as a work of reference it is valueless. The amateur may point out that tediousness and grossness were qualities of "Old Gerard" that somehow endeared him to generations of readers. Beautiful and delightful as this volume may be, it is a piece of patch-work. Gerard's Herbal is intrinsically worthy of being reproduced in facsimile, or of being reprinted in its entirety.

But still greater liberties have been taken by the Cresset Press with Crispin de Pass's masterpiece; a scarce and valuable book, rarely seen outside the libraries of great collectors. The Latin edition of the "Hortus Floridus" was published at Arnheim in 1614, and the English edition appeared the next year. This letter edition had a different arrangement of text, eleven additional engravings of tulips, and the famous full plate engraving of the "Spring Garden" at the end of Book I, and two additional plates in Book II. Also in the English edition, the appropriate insects hover about the flowers; these were added by the artist in the interval between printings.

The title-page of the Cresset Press publication gives the impression that it is a reprint of Book I. Careful comparison between the Latin and English editions reveal the following facts; (i) the Cresset press edition does *not* reproduce the title-page found in both the Latin and English versions with its charming portraits of Dodoens and Clusius. It reproduces instead the "Spring Garden" placed at the end of Part I of the English edition, and thus in a mutilated form. The central flower-beds are obliterated to make space for the title and the names of artist and publisher. (ii) The *plates* are reproduced from the English edition, omitting the famous tulip series, but the *text* (in Miss Shipton's beautiful but in appropriate calligraphy) is a translation from the Latin edition.

In other words, this book is neither a facsimile nor a reprint. It is a new form in publication, comparable to such dubious musical devices a "A symphonic variation on a theme in Mozart, Op. 22." Students and collectors should protest against this playing fast and loose with our elders and betters. Publishers should heed their protest—if only for fear of "diminishing returns." The "Hortus Floridus" is one of the most beautiful books ever published in this wicked world. It represents the high-water mark in copper-plate engraving of flowers. It is the masterpiece of a very great artist. It would have been a gracious act to reproduce it in facsimile.

Elegant Indecorum

ELEGANT INFIDELITIES OF MADAME LI PEI FOU. By CHARLES PETTIT. New York: Horace Liveright. 1928. $2.50.

Reviewed by WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

MR. PETTIT has already produced one amusing book in "The Son of the Grand Eunuch." To be sure the amusement he offers is an extremely sophisticated one. His books are hardly to be read by the family around the evening lamp. On the other hand both "Candide" and "A Sentimental Journey" were spoken of by reviewers in connection with his former volume, not to mention "Penguin Island," to all of which they declared "The Son of the Grand Eunuch" 's method was comparable. However that may be, Mr. Pettit sets before us, both in the preceding and in the present work a China of the most elegant ritual observances, in a suave and elevated style of unquestionable decorum, meanwhile treating of matters of a nature quite as unquestionably indecorous. His manner, I perceive, has affected my own at this writing.

The femininity of the author's Madame Li Pei Fou and his Mrs. Tchang Hi, involved in deplorable liaisons with the rather rapidly educated Grain of Rice, is certainly entertaining, particularly so Madame Li Pei Fou's disquisitions upon the sacrifices that must be made for Love involving as they do the pitiable deaths of so many entirely innocent characters and the recurring pangs of terror in the only too wholly human Grain of Rice, her lover. Li Pei Fou, the inordinately conceited scholar, is made a capital figure of comedy. At the end of the story the reader sympathetically experiences the relief felt by Grain of Rice in escaping finally to the less exigent arms of the theoretically emancipated Mrs. Tchang Hi. Mr. Pettit kills off his minor characters with an Orientally sadistic enjoyment.

As we said in the beginning, the "Elegant Infidelities" might almost rank among those books described in book-sellers' catalogues as *Curiosa*. It is also, however, a work of art, in that the style is impeccable, the philosophical observations shrewdly humorous, the Oriental setting convincing, the startling episodes cruelly and fantastically funny. The constant tormented concern, on the part of the youthful and uncomplex Grain of Rice, for the safety of his own skin, in the midst of overpowering pleasures bought at an extremely perilous price, is the principal source of entertainment; and, one may add, an extremely primitive form of entertainment, to be traced back through the earliest indecorous tales. Mr. Pettit's continuous Oriental smiling in his sleeve, while preserving a sublime suavity in his narration, is what distinguishes his story. One may relish such trifling, or dislike it, or find it obnoxious; but to read the book is like watching a difficult feat of balancing on a slack wire, the author posturing the while under a glazed parasol; for it is a difficult feat to be wickedly witty without being repulsive. And this feat the author has performed.

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Literature in Post-War Poland

By R. Dyboski
University of Cracow

LITERATURE occupied an entirely unique position in the national life of Poland during the nineteenth century. A people divided and enslaved, deprived of all political institutions of its own, for long stretches of this period of captivity found in literature the only channel self-expression left open to it. The great European Romantic movement accordingly assumed, within the sphere of Polish literature, the shape of national gospel, comforting the nation in its calamities by the doctrine of a high and noble historical mission. Great poets, Mickiewicz foremost among them, mostly writing in exile, became the spiritual leaders of the nation and its spokesmen to the outside world. And even when Romanticism had been succeeded by other literary world currents—by realistic novel-writing and positivist thought—the dignity of the great writer in Polish society still remained higher than elsewhere. It was in accordance with an established tradition that Sienkiewicz, the supreme Polish novelist of modern times, frequently in his later years spoke for the whole of Poland on important international occasions. On the very eve of the World War, a poet and painter of powerful genius, Wyspianski at Cracow, expressed in his poetic plays the stirrings of national instinct, foretelling a new birth of political freedom after convulsions of suffering and disaster. And the fact that a musical artist of world-wide fame—Paderewski—became the first Prime Minister of the reborn Poland, certainly did not appear to the Poles so uncommon as it may have seemed to others.

With all the legitimate means of a free nation's normal activities regained after the world crisis of our days, it was inevitable that a change should come over this estimation of literature in Poland. Literature, it is now felt, is bound to fall into its place among other important manifestations of national energy, and poets and artists could no longer be the uncrowned kings of a people once more possessing its own political government and parliamentary representation. Several deaths of literary leaders of the older type, occurring in the first ten years of Poland's renewed independence, seemed like symbolic landmarks to divide the old era from the new. In Reymont, the second Polish winner of the Nobel prize after Sienkiewicz, Poland lost the greatest interpreter of the life and soul of her peasant masses. In Zeromski, the intensely emotional exponent of the deeply tragic essence of a captive nation's physical and moral struggles, the youth of Poland laments an idol worshipped with the same passionate warmth of feeling which characterized his own writings. Zeromski and Reymont were soon followed into the grave by Przybyszewski, who thirty years ago had led the revolt of human personality in literature against the subordination of art to social causes in the positivist age: he is assured of a permanent place in Poland's literary records as the mighty awakener of individuality and self-expression in early twentieth-century Polish literature.

All these were representative, in various ways, of the relation of literature to national life in a past now definitely closed. But Jan Kasprowicz, who also died before the new Poland was ten years old, had been the herald of new developments in the present and the near future. In those poems of his mature days which made him, by universal consent, Poland's foremost latter-day lyrical poet, he had risen above the preoccupation with national misery, which had inspired his earlier verse, into the high and stormy sphere of universal mysteries. He had wrestled with an unknown God for the solution of the world's riddle of pain, and, in his last years, intimate communion with the virgin scenery of the rocky mountains of Poland's South had prompted accents of soothing calm and wisdom, even amidst the horrors of the world war, in his supreme poetic achievement, "The Book of the Poor" (*Ksiega ubogich*, 1917), and charmingly simple melody in his lyrical testament, "My World" (*Moj swiat*, 1926). Kasprowicz also, through a long series of verse translations, ranging from the Greek tragedians to the Elizabethans, and from Chaucer and the old ballads to Shelley and Blake and the Victorians, had opened the treasure-house of the world's great literature wider to the Polish reader than it had ever been opened before.

All the principal strains in Kasprowicz's poetic production are now felt to have been prophetically anticipative of the necessary and essential tendencies of the new era in poetry which we are entering on at present. Young poets in the new Poland deliberately strive to leave the magic circle of day-to-day national problems, and seek inspiration in the region of those universal human themes which have moved the greatest minds in all ages. To be worthy of a free people, the literature of Poland must, in their view, gain a noble breadth of general interest. It must also enter into fuller possession of the world's inheritance of great song and thought, and share more intimately all the currents and vibrations which stir the literary atmosphere of contemporary humanity. In this sense, a young literary group gathered round the periodical *Scamander* in Poland's capital, Warsaw, may be said to follow the path trod by Kasprowicz. Julian Tuwim, the foremost poet of that group, is equally distinguished by the piercing thoroughness of his lyrical meditations and by the brilliant versatility of his rhythmical skill. The group also includes Poland's leading poetess of our days, Casimira Illakowicz, whose peculiarly engaging, and almost classical, simplicity of expression and charming plainness of melody remains the same throughout a vast range of subjects, from children's rhymes to legends of saints, and from personal musings to great public events and problems. Some of the Warsaw group—notably J. N. Miller—in their longing for a new "universalism" in Polish letters have gone to the extreme length of express condemnation of the greatest masterpieces of Polish national poetry in the past.

It is at this point, on the subject of continuity of national tradition, that another distinct group of younger writers joins issue with the literary cosmopolitans of the new Warsaw. That other group center, more modestly, round an out-of-the-way provincial nook on the slope of the Beskid hills, in the Southwestern corner of Poland, not far from the medieval towers and walls of Poland's ancient capital, Cracow. The group calls itself *Czartak*, after one of the hills of the neighborhood, and it publishes its poetical annuals under that title. Its principal representative in poetry is Emil Zegadlowicz, and the theory which inspires his own and his comrades' work may be expressed in the words that man, after all, is not unlike a tree,—that he draws his best sustenance from his native soil, and only can stir vigorous branches in the international air if he is firmly rooted in that soil. Accordingly, Zegadlowicz and his friends make loving use of the legends and customs and rhyme forms, of the primitive artistic symbols and patterns, nay, of the superstitions of the simple country folk, and they invest even subjects of universal significance, such as the Christmas theme, with the garb of Polish folklore. They are also earnestly intent on learning lessons of wisdom through familiar observation of the life of nature on their native mountain side, and it is in this regard that they, in their turn, may claim to be worthy followers of the great poetic prophet, Kasprowicz.

Poetry is strikingly abundant in the new Poland, and the two groups just mentioned are only the opposite poles of a vast and swarming sphere. They have been characterized at some length here merely to show that the intellectual life of Poland, as of other nations, is vividly oscillating, just now, between the extremes of international and of national ideals. But it is outside all such possible classifications that we meet with some of the most important figures, such as that of Leopold Staff, universally recognized as the greatest lyrical singer now alive in Poland. In a recent volume which won him a literary prize, *Ucho igielne* ("The Eye of the Needle," 1927), he has perhaps reached the peak of his maturity in trving, not unlike Kasprowicz, to find comforting answers to certain painful and everlasting questions of the human mind, to "reach through darkness up to God."

Bianca de Maj, one of the newest women novelists of Italy, has received the 5000 lire prize for her last novel, "Pagare e Tacere."

Camillo Rondolotte will publish a "literary artistic almanac" called "1929" in which the leading Italian writers and artists will collaborate.

It is said that Grazia Delleda, winner of the Nobel prize for literature, has bidden farewell to her beloved Sardegna in her last novel called "Il Vecchio e i Fanciulli."

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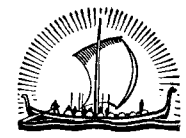

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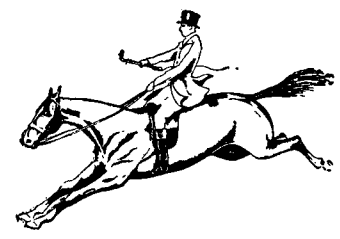

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Points of View

Poets and Loafers

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
SIR:

The late Elinor Wylie's spirited attack upon the notion that poets are good-for-nothing loafers touches a problem that has long interested me. I, too, have wondered why this notion prevails, and have discovered that the poets themselves have done much to foster it. No matter how the poet may sweat and fast to produce his ode, the chances are that in the poem he will visualize himself as reclining somewhere on a mossy bank beside a running brook. If one goes back into the dark ages of poetry in England before the renaissance, he will find the tradition that a poem is a dream, the corollary being, of course, that the poet went to sleep somewhere before writing it. The tradition persists at least as late as Tennyson's "Dream of Fair Women."

But that is not all. Hear the Earl of Surrey:

Laid in my quyette bedd, in study as I weare,
I saw within my troubled hed a heape of thoughtes appeare.

Here, seemingly, is an autobiographical touch. With Sir Thomas Wyatt, who celebrated his bed as "the body's ease" and "quieter of mind," Surrey shares the honor of having brought into the modern period an enduring fashion in English poetry. When William Cowper, more than two hundred years later, wrote, "I sing the Sofa," he said only what dozens of larger and lesser poets had said before and have said or implied since.

Perhaps few have been so frank as Wordsworth, who admits lying in vacant as well as in pensive mood, but many have professed with Coleridge that they were fain to

. . . . .dream away the entrusted hours
On rose-leaf beds, pampering the coward heart
With feelings all too delicate for use.

Coleridge, indeed, is the example, *par excellence*, of the recumbent poet. In more than a score of poems he says directly or indirectly that his thoughts came to him while reclining. For instance:

. . . . . In sickly mood, at parting day,
I lay me down and think of happier years.

And again, "O! I have waked at midnight, and have wept." Even when in the open, he says, he usually lay down to meditate. Keats's joy at standing tip-toe upon a little hill was utterly foreign to his nature. He never reached the top of the hill at all unless it was exceedingly little; his characteristic procedure was to climb part way up and there find a comfortable bank on which to lie. "On Skiddaw's mount" he "lay supine, midway th'ascent." A second day he stretched his limbs on the midway slope of a hill at noon. On still another occasion, "midway on the mount" he "lay beside the ruined tower." Is it any wonder, then, that the reader, remembering, in addition, the story that he composed "Kubla Khan" while asleep in a chair and wrote it down hurriedly afterward, considers the writing of poetry a lazy man's occupation?

Here are two more examples, gleaned at random, the first from Cowper, the second from Tennyson:

. . . . . 'Twere wiser far
For me, enamour'd of sequester'd scenes,
And charm'd with rural beauty, to repose,
Where chance may throw me, beneath elm or vine,
My languid limbs, when summer sears the plains;
Or, when rough winter rages, on the soft
And shelter'd Sofa, while the nitrous air
Feeds a blue flame, and makes a cheerful hearth;
There, undisturb'd by Folly, and apprized
How great the danger of disturbing her,
To muse in silence.

But, propt on beds of amaranth and moly,
How sweet (while warm airs lull us, blowing lowly)
With half-dropt eyelid still,
Beneath a heaven dark and holy,
To watch the long bright river drawing slowly
His waters from the purple hill.

My thesis is not, of course, that these extracts give a true picture of the lives of these poets. They worked hard, all of them, to produce their verse. But the public, not unreasonably, perhaps, is prone to take their words literally. If poets object to being called lazy, they can do much to eradicate that notion by portraying themselves in verse as energetic, bustling go-getters. The "pernicious nonsense" of the "essential laziness" of poets is, sad to relate, a pleasant fiction largely of their own invention.

St. Louis, Mo. RAYMOND F. HOWES.

On Reviewing

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
SIR:

In your issue of January 19, Mr. Norman Foerster raises the question as to the cause of "the feebleness of American reviewing." One of the main causes is that reviewing is so meagerly paid for that only persons of independent means can afford to devote to the writing of a review the amount of time that it requires. To read a serious book and write a thoughtful review of it is a task that demands at least three days of careful work. The pay for that work will be about fifteen dollars—which is the equivalent of fifty cents an hour, the exact rate that is paid for the commonest day labor used in digging ditches.

Occasional good reviews are written as a labor of love by college professors and other specialists; and a few more come from editorial writers. But there does not exist, as there should, a group of independent professional critics, sufficiently well paid to be able to give to serious books the deliberate attention they deserve.

The only real marvel is that the literary reviewers in the daily press are able to do as good work as they do. It is hard for the outsider to understand how a man who must read and review three or four books every day manages to stay out of the madhouse.

Hillsdale, N. Y. A. D. FICKE.

Mrs. Colum Replies

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
SIR:

I do so sympathize with Allen W. Porterfield. I know just how he feels. I used to feel almost like that when I was in the professorial line myself, if others had the poor taste to touch my subject. It was bad enough when they approached it in the lecture hall, but when they spread themselves in print, blind rages simply tore me within as they are now tearing Mr. Porterfield. However, the agony does not last forever, for as one knocks around the world a bit, one meets a great number of people who know as much as oneself, sometimes even more, so that by degrees that devastating sense of private ownership in any branch of knowledge fades away, and one reaches a state of philosophic calm and emotion recollected in tranquillity. (I hesitate about using this last phrase in case Wordsworth might also be one of Mr. Porterfield's subjects, and I may be adding fuel to flame, instead of oil to troubled waters.)

Has Mr. Porterfield ever pondered on how nice it must be to be Einstein, having invented a private subject all of his very own, that nobody else can possibly know as much about? But he, too, of course must have his troubles with some people.

To help Mr. Porterfield a little on the way towards the above mentioned state of philosophic calm, and emotion recollected in tranquillity, I have asked the President of the New York Goethe society (to which I have the honor to belong) if I may invite him to become a member. Mr. Porterfield might get a delighted surprise at the amount of Goethe learning some of the members have, and at the number of lives of Goethe some of them have read (including myself I must shyly or slyly add).

In return for this favor, I will ask two favors from Mr. Porterfield. First, will he send me that distinguished translation of Wie Herrlich leuchtet mir die Natur, that he says is so easy to make? And secondly, will he give me the date and place of publication of that Life of Goethe that he says Croce has written? I am so excited and interested to hear of Croce's incursion into biography, that I beg Mr. Porterfield to give me the information right away. He is not, I am sure, confusing that critical essay on Goethe, Volume Twelve of Croce's "Scritti di Storia Litteraria e Politica" with. . . . but—no—no—I know my proper sphere. I don't want to get in the last word—I won't try. Instead I will just copy the last word of Mr. Porterfield's letter . . . whew.

New York City. MARY M. COLUM.

Definitions

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
SIR:

Martin Maxmillan asks two questions. At twenty-five that craving for light would perplex, likewise at thirty-five, forty-five, or even eighty-five.

So: a good education is the cumulative accumulations of knowledge and understanding obtained from birth to death, be it at mothers knee, college, before the mast, behind a gun, behind the plow or elsewhere. The residue of the sifting process is "our education" and it is good or bad according to the man. We generally get about what we deserve.

Philosophy is the sum total of what we got from the above processes—plus what we ought to have got—but didn't.

Now for the editor: "life" is that illussion between birth and death made up of heaven, hell, and dodging creditors. "God" is that missing link between man and the universe which is about two jumps ahead of man's understanding. "Time" is that thing which we have all of what there is, but never enough. "Space" is that flexible yardstick with which fisher folk measure the ones that got away.

There you are,—and I'm neither educator nor philosopher. BARNEY O'BRIAN.

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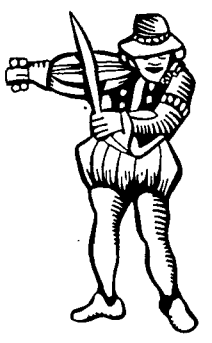
—HARRY HANSEN



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The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received. Many of them will be reviewed later.

Belles Lettres

THE JOYS OF FORGETTING. By *Odell Shepard.* Houghton Mifflin. $3.

THE GARMENT OF PRAISE. By *Eleanor Carroll Chilton* and *Herbert Agar.* Doubleday, Doran. $5 net.

ENGLISH PROSE STYLE. By *Herbert Read.* Holt. $2.50.

AFOOT IN ENGLAND. By *W. H. Hudson.* Knopf. $2

COLLINS. By *H. W. Garrod.* Oxford University Press. $2.

Biography

MUSIC AT MIDNIGHT. By *Muriel Draper.* Harpers. $4.

MARY MCDOWELL, NEIGHBOR. By *Howard E. Wilson.* University of Chicago Press. $3.

TENNYSON. By *Harold Nicolson.* Popular edition. $2.25.

WILLIAM COWPER. By *Hugh l'Anson Fausset.* Harcourt, Brace. $4.

THE LIFE OF RICHARD ROLLE TOGETHER WITH HIS ENGLISH LYRICS. By *Frances M. M. Comper.* Dutton. $3.75.

ANDREW JACKSON. By *David Karsner.* Brentanos. $3.50.

THE LIFE OF CHARLES M. DOUGHTY. By *D. G. Hogarth.* Doubleday, Doran.

SAMUEL RICHARDSON. By *Brian W. Downs.* Dutton. $2.

EMPEROR FRANCIS JOSEPH OF AUSTRIA. By *Joseph Redlich.* Macmillan. $5.

THE MEMOIRS OF J. M. DENT. Dutton. $3.

Education

HISTORICAL READINGS IN NINETEENTH CENTURY THOUGHTS. Edited by *Walter Phelps Hall* and *Elmer A. Beller.* Century. $1.75.

THE RANGE OF SOCIAL THEORY. By *Floyd N. House.* Holt. $3.60.

SILENT READING DEVICES. By *Dorothy Danforth.* Holt.

MAJOR PROBLEMS OF DEMOCRACY. By *Seba Eldridge* and *Carroll D. Clark.* Century. $1.80.

TEACHING IN SECONDARY SCHOOLS. By *A. D. Mueller.* Century. $2.25.

MODERN PHYSICS. By *Charles E. Dull.* Holt.

THE POLITICAL THEORY OF STATE-SUPPORTED ELEMENTARY EDUCATION IN ENGLAND, 1750-1833. By *Henrietta Cooper Jennings.* Lancaster, Pa.: Lancaster Press.

THE COMMONWEALTH TEACHER-TRAINING STUDY. By *W. W. Charters* and *Douglas Waples.* University of Chicago Press. $4.

TWENTY YEARS AMONG THE TWENTY-YEAR OLDS. By *James Anderson Hawes.* Dutton. $3.

A B C OF ADLER'S PSYCHOLOGY. By *Philippe Mairet.* Greenberg. $1.50.

Fiction

TOWERS ALONG THE GRASS. By ELLEN DUPOISE TAYLOR. Harpers. 1928. $2.50.

"Towers Along the Grass" is an appropriate title for this novel by Ellen DuPoise Taylor, not because towers are convincingly described or studied in the book, but because the title itself warns one of the confused imagery that persists on almost every page. Towers and grass—what have they in common? Towers along the grass?—it is as hard to picture them after reading the story as it was before.

Building on the technique of introspection, Miss Taylor does not create the sharp, penetrating tower that might have justified her title. Instead she creates masses that are overweighted with words. As a collector searching for the thing of his delight, she has searched for words and brought them from forgotten corners of our language or imported them from other tongues. Her collection lacks homogeneity as collections often do—but if you want to add a hundred or more new words and are not too particular as to whether anyone will understand you when you use them, here is an open field.

First, words impress one in the novel, then phrases forming mixed imageries that when read for rhythm only seem plausible enough but all too often vanish like pricked bubbles when analysis enters in. Finally, of course, the characters and plot make some impression. Indeed the characterization is vivid and at times done with real cleverness:

> There was nothing immortal about Garnet because one would forget her when one glimpsed the next girl who was like her only a bit prettier, but there was something immortal about Bianca because having glimpsed her one would not forget her . . . . And I hated her. I hated her because she made me hate myself.

Bianca does all sorts of things with her unforgettability; it is mixed up with the Italian Renaissance, it ensnares a college professor, a poet, a middle-aged Dakota farmer, a painter, and it repeatedly unnerves Kate Lovett who is telling the tale.

The plot is, aside from this bewitchery of Bianca, a flimsy affair, with an extra murder or two, a few thwarted love affairs, and a house-burning to complicate matters but not to make the whole any more convincing. The Dakota setting is significantly strong in that, while Kate's dreams are all of Italy and France, her only real poems are of her Dakota home.

"Towers Along the Grass" is indeed a heterogeneous novel, hardly belonging to this generation except for the very daring of its heterogeneity. But it succeeds only in making another, though indirect, plea for restrained organic imagery, Anglo-Saxon words, and objectivity.

SENTRY. By HEYWARD EMERSON CANNEY. Harpers. 1928.

In this rather unusual first novel the frail deity Aphrodite and the Puritan Jehovah meet on the old battle-ground with devastating results.

The story opens in a prosperous rural community in New England in the years preceding the Civil War. Abel, strong-minded, Abolitionist, and religious, the son of the leading landowner of the countryside, loves Nancy, poor and orphaned. Nancy is in love with Stephen, charming, sensitive, and cultured. Stephen returns her love, but hesitates too long, and she marries Abel. The marriage brings her security and position, but she finds that under the circumstances it is not enough. She is not able to adjust herself to the task of being the wife of a man who is too busy listening to what he regards as the voice of God to be capable of human understanding. Abel cannot be kind, he can only be just, and his terrible sense of justice wrecks his own life and comes near to wrecking the lives of Nancy and Stephen.

When Abel joins the colors at the start of the Civil War the inevitable happens, Stephen and Nancy establish a liaison. Word comes that Abel has been killed, and they prepare to marry. But Abel is not dead. He returns from a Confederate prison to surprise the lovers in the act of flight.

Up to this point Mr. Canney has written a very good novel. The characters are real and the situation convincing. With the return of Abel the author elects to give his plot an astounding twist. Abel is determined that Stephen, having taken Nancy from him, shall never cause her unhappiness. "I shall see to it," he says, and takes up his sentry post across the road, rifle in hand. He is faithful to his needless vigil, and that vigil lasts over half a century.

It is a plot that the ablest novelist might shrink from. It is small wonder that Mr. Canney does not quite succeed in wrapping the illusion of reality around his story. For one thing he underestimates the difficulties. Too many possible solutions to the prisoners' problem go unrefuted by the author. Nevertheless he shows a marked and solid talent which promises much for his future work, especially in his handling of the difficult characterization of the puritanical Abel.

STUDY IN BRONZE. By ESTHER HYMAN. Holt. 1928. $2.50.

Lucea Richmond was a difficult, tempestuous, sensitive, Jamaican mulatto. Her father was a gone-to-seed Britisher who not unwillingly got himself killed in the war, leaving Lucea in the austere care of a half-caste governess. When Lucea was of age and came into a little money, she left Jamaica for England, thinking that there her indefinite brownness would mean nothing, that there she could live a free life, spiritually and physically. The story of her next few years is one of disillusionment, abandonment of hopes, and of a final return to Jamaica, an inevitable acknowledgment of her racial impurity and social undesirability.

Miss Hyman makes Lucea's father an attractive wastrel, a rational idealist. With the other minor characters she is not so successful; they are thinly developed and too obviously molded to her didactic purposes. Lucea is the backbone of the novel; she is generally plausible and often interesting. Of course, in the last analysis she is little more than the statement of a problem. And that very limitation is the essential limitation of the novel. "Study in Bronze" is a slow-moving enlargement upon a platitude; in other words, it is true, but largely without significance.

(Continued on next page)

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The AMEN CORNER

MR. CHRISTOPHER MORLEY, a popular friend of ours who, like Shakespeare, crossed the river to produce plays, some time ago spoke of the bookroom of the Oxford University Press as "the most genuine gathering of literature ever collected by any one publishing house in the history of our tongue." We marked the statement as one of his clearest sparks of insight, and had often confirmed his judgment with our visits to 35 West 32nd Street, where wealth of content and minimum of cost combined to make the books that best suited our needs.

Returning from many exciting adventures among older canyons than our beloved streets, we took the first opportunity a few weeks ago to set out for our favorite bookroom. We soon learned that it had moved to 114 Fifth Avenue, so, refilling our companionable pipe, we continued our walk and were still musing on the Gothic splendor that marks the old-time playground of Buffalo Bill, the Miller Brothers and Diana when we reached the new, more commodious library that, curiously enough, looks out on Oxford's first American home. Here out of the rumbustious roar of midtown traffic is that omnibus collection of volumes that Bacon would describe as books to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested. They surround you with their mellow richness. And the irregular arrangement of the room lends a privacy to readers. There is a sofa for him who lingers to laugh at the gossip of Lady Louisa[1], and tables and Windsor chairs for those who list volumes for future purchase.

There are upon those shelves such books that to own makes one feel like Chapman's Scholar[2], "the ephemeral custodian of a perennial treasure." Queen Marie of Roumania continues her grandmother's collection of perfume bottles. But how more stimulating to us is the piquant fragrance of old books! And how sadly we wish we similarly continued our grandfather's collection of Horace Walpole's *Miscellaneous Antiquities* with our purchase of Lady Louisa! But her racy reminiscences of George Selwyn's indulgences delight our humors, where volumes of great price might lure us to collect giants with our pigmy purse.

Following the crescent oddity of the only street that crosses Broadway twice, we set out a few weeks ago on an annual quest—*Turrón de Alicante*, our favorite of some six or seven species of *Turrón*, the immemorial Christmas sweetmeats of Spain. And as our eyes went from painted tambourine to tasselled castanets our thoughts went to the gaiety of Spain, and we wondered if Señor de Madariaga would gather material enough on his present American lecture tour to feed his humor in another delightful, provocative book like *Englishmen, Frenchmen, Spaniards*[3]. We have never before seen cleverness and psychological analysis at sword-play throughout the pages of a book.

BUT RETURNING to the charming quiet of this new library, with its rarer legacies, made us wish we had finished here our somewhat tiring jaunt of the previous day along many busy city streets and to shops deluged with "best sellers" and published flummery. We really like some "best sellers" and books of their flare, but we sigh with disappointment when we fail to find somewhere on the same shelves those books that time does not impair. And great rows of these surround us in this place. Two books we met that day (one does *meet* books, don't you think?) have persuaded us to cancel all evening engagements until some indefinite date when we shall have finished rereading them at least once. Caroline F. E. Spurgeon's *Keats's Shakespeare*[4] brings with it those two Olympians. Though masterly in its understanding and beautiful in its presentation, not even J. Middleton Murray's *Keats and Shakespeare*[5] could show so graphically the poetic bond and sympathy of the great Keats for the greater Shakespeare. And the new *Oxford Book of Regency Verse*[6], containing as it does so much of Keats proves especially interesting and helpful, for we have him in the delightful company of Blake, Byron, Shelley, Wordsworth, Scott, Bryant[7] and other poetic peers of his time. We thankfully bow to the kind Fates that started our new year with friendships such as these!

—THE OXONIAN.

(1) Lady Louisa Stuart's Notes on George Selwyn and His Contemporaries, being a continuation of Horace Walpole's *Miscellaneous Antiquities*, $12.00. (2) The Portrait of a Scholar by R. W. Chapman, $1.85. (3) $3.75. (4) $10.00. (5) $4.75. (6) $3.75, India paper $4.25. (7) Oxford Standard Authors, 100 titles, each $1.50.

The New Books

(*Continued from preceding page*)

Juvenile

(*The Children's Bookshop will appear next week*)

Miscellaneous

GREEK AND ROMAN MYTHOLOGY. By WILLIAM SHERWOOD FOX. Marshall Jones. 1928. $3.50.

The first volume of the series entitled "Mythology of All Races," dealing with the mythology of Greece and Rome, has been printed as a separate volume and at a more popular price by the Marshall Jones Co. It was a happy thought to place this lively yet scholarly treatise with its exceptional wealth of illustrative material before the public once more. One only regrets for the sake of the specialist that the bibliography includes nothing after the year 1915.

GERMAN FREQUENCY WORD BOOK. By *B. I. Morgan*. Macmillan.

SPEECHES OF EUGENE V. DEBS. International. 50 cents.

PROPAGANDA. By *Edward L. Bernays*. Liveright. $2.50.

ARTIFICIAL SILK. By *Valentin Hottenroth*. Pitman. $8.50.

THE GARDENER'S COLOUR BOOK. By *Mrs. Francis King* and *John Forthergill*. Knopf. $3.

MY PHILOSOPHY OF INDUSTRY. By *Henry Ford*. Coward-McCann. $1.50.

DINNERS LONG AND SHORT. By *A. H. Adair*. Knopf.

SERVING THE CHILD IN FARGO. Commonwealth Fund.

WINNING OF THE KING'S CUP. By *Helen G. Bell*. Putnam. $2.50.

CONTEMPORARY BRITISH LITERATURE. By *John M. Manly* and *Edith Rickert*. Harcourt, Brace. $2.

PERSONAL NAMES OF CAPPADOCIA. By *Ferris J. Stephens*. Yale University Press. $3.

A NEWLY DISCOVERED TREATISE ON CLASSIC LETTER DESIGN. By *Damianus Moyllus*. Reproduced in facsimile with an introduction by *Stanley Morison*. Harcourt, Brace: Pegasus Press.

POETRY, PROSE, AND HISTORY. By *Richard Walden Hale*.

BOOK OF CONUNDRUMS. By *H. Brun Chapman*. New York: Dean. 75 cents.

SKYSCRAPERS AND THE MEN WHO BUILD THEM. By *W. A. Starrett*. Scribners. $3.50.

FOREIGN INVESTMENTS. University of Chicago. $3.

PREJUDICE AGAINST THE JEW. New York: Philip Cowen, 520 West 122nd Street.

TAKING THE DOCTOR'S PULSE. By *J. F. Montague*. Lippincott. $1.

THE AMERICAN BUSINESS ADVENTURE. By *Henry A. Dix* and *Mark H. Dix*. Harpers. $3.

COMMERCIAL LAW FOR CASES. By *Harold E. Cowan, Margaret F. Shea*, and *George A. Moien*. Holt.

THE BALANCE OF BIRTHS AND DEATHS. Vol. I. Western and Northern Europe. By *Robert R. Kuczynski*. Macmillan. $2.

PRACTICAL FLIGHT TRAINING. By *Lieut. Barrett Studley*. Macmillan. $5.

LOEB CLASSICAL LIBRARY: Cicero, The Verrine Orations. Oppian, Coluthus, Tryphiodorus. Plutarch's Moralia, II. Procopius, V. Epictetus, II. Lucan: The Civil War. Cicero: Letters to His Friends, II. Athenæus: The Deipsophises, II. Putnam.

THE CHALLENGE OF THE AGED. By *Abraham Epstein*. Macy-Masius. $3.

THE CHOSEN PEOPLE. By *Jerome* and *Jean Tharaud*. Longmans, Green. $2.

PRACTICAL BEE-BREEDING. By *A. Gilman*. Putnam. $2.50.

HOW TO WIN PRIZE CONTESTS. By *Oliva Huebner Dennis*. Putnam. $1.50.

RECREATIONAL GAMES. By *Capt. S. N. Hebbert*. Putnam. $1.50.

A DISCOURSE ON DIVORCE. By *Paolo de Vecchi*. Privately printed.

BANDITS AND THE SOUTHERN PACIFIC. By *G. B. Glasscock*. Stokes. $2.50.

THE OUTLINE OF BUNK. By *E. Haldeman-Julius*. Stratford. $4.

THE RAIN-MAKERS. By *Mary Roberts Coolidge*. Houghton Mifflin. $4.

THE FARMER'S STANDARD OF LIVING. By *Ellis Lore Kirkpatrick*. Century. $2.

OPUS EPISTOLARUM DES ERASMI ROTERODAMI. By *P. S. Allen* and *H. M. Allen*. Oxford University Press. $9.50.

BUGLE. By *Thomas C. Hinkle*. Morrow. $1.75.

THE CROPS. By *J. Russell Smith*. Harcourt, Brace. $4.

MASS MURDER. By *L. C. Douthwaite*. Holt. $2.50.

THE A B C *of* AVIATION. By *Victor W. Pagé*. Norman Henley.

THE SOUTH AMERICAN HANDBOOK. 1929. Edited by *J. A. Hunter*.

THE HUNTING OF THE BUFFALO. By *E. Douglas Branch*. Appleton. $3.

THE COMPENDIUM UNIVERSITATIS PARISIENSIS OF ROBERT GOULET. University of Pennsylvania Press. $2.50.

Philosophy

THUS SPAKE ZARATHRUSTA. By *Friedrich Nietzsche*. Dial. $4.

NATURAL CONDUCT. By *Edwin Bingham Copeland*. Stanford University Press. $3.50.

EMOTIONS OF NORMAL PEOPLE. By *William Moulton Marston*. Harcourt, Brace. $5.50.

THE INFERIORITY FEELING. By *William S. Walsh*. Dutton. $2.50.

THE BASIS OF MEMORY. By *W. R. Bousfield*. Norton. $1.

SELECTIONS FROM THOMAS PAINE. Edited by *Arthur Wallace Peach*. Harcourt, Brace.

THE FUTURE OF AN ILLUSION. By *Sigmund Freud*. Liveright. $2.

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF LANGUAGE. By *Walter B. Pillsbury* and *Clarence L. Meader*. Appleton. $3.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF SCHOPENHAUER. Edited by *Irwin Edman*. Modern Library.

EMOTION AS THE BASIS OF CIVILIZATION. By *J. H. Denison*. Scribners. $5.

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF THE ADOLESCENT. By *Leta S. Hollingworth*. Appleton. $2.50.

MODERN PSYCHOLOGY. By *Daniel Bell Leary*. Lippincott. $4.

HOWS AND WHYS OF HUMAN BEHAVIOR. By *George A. Dorsey*. Harpers. $3.50.

AN ANTHOLOGY OF RECENT PHILOSOPHY. By *Daniel Sommer Robinson*. Crowell. $4.

INTRODUCTION TO MODERN PSYCHOLOGY. By *Gardner Murphy*. Harcourt, Brace. $6.

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF YOUTH. By *Jessica G. Cosgrove*. Doubleday, Doran. $2 net.

URBAN INFLUENCES ON HIGHER EDUCATION IN ENGLAND AND THE UNITED STATES. By *Parke R. Kolbe*. Macmillan. $2.

YOUR MIND IN ACTION. By *F. G. Moss*. Houghton Mifflin. $4.

THE GROWTH OF PHILOSOPHIC RADICALISM. By *Elie Halévy*. Macmillan. $8.50.

Travel

CIRCLING SOUTH AMERICA. By ISABEL ANDERSON (Mrs. Larz Anderson). Marshall Jones. 1928. $4.

Mrs. Anderson has written a dozen "travel books" and she is just as enthusiastic about tripping as ever. There is, she tells us, with the rapid increase of tourist ships, "a new germ, a traveler's microbe, 'touritis.' There are many Americans who now pass all their time on these ships, coming off one only to sail on another. The *Laconia* had not been out three days on this South American venture before many of those on board had made reservations for her tour of South Africa a year or more ahead. One man, a well-known New Yorker, arranged to have his own bed and furniture placed in his suite in order to feel perfectly at home wherever he might be."

Her book, then, as the foreword states, "is written by a tourist for other tourists." Here you will find the approved views, best hotels, drives to principal points of interest, all the way round the edges of the other continent, and even the ship's concert. The one they had on the *Laconia* made a "very gay ending to the trip. The prize was won by Miss Dress-Up costumed very cleverly as a llama." The narrative closes on the following inspirational note:

Strong are the friendships I've made on shore,
But precious the friends I found at sea,
Comrades who knew that their smiles meant more
Than all of their wealth could bring to me!

TRAVEL AND SPORT IN MANY LANDS. By *Major P. M. Stewart*. Doubleday, Doran.

THE KRASSIN. By *Maurice Parijanine*. Macaulay. $2.50.

THE TRAGEDY OF THE ITALIA. By *Davide Giudici*. Appleton. $3.

AN UNFREQUENTED HIGHWAY. By *John Easton*. Knopf. $7.50.

NORMANDY. By *Sisley Huddleston*. Doubleday. Doran. $3 net.

(*Continued on page 655*)

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ON MY WAY

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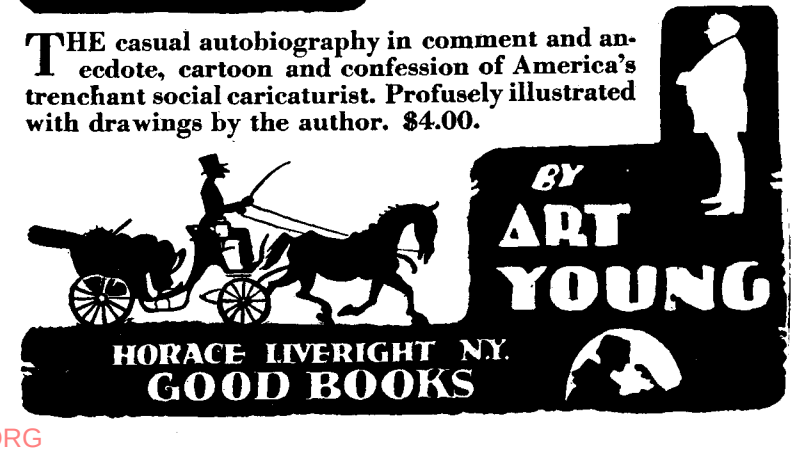

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The Reader's Guide

Conducted by MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquiries in regard to the selection of books and questions of like nature should be addressed to MRS. BECKER, c/o *The Saturday Review.*

S. S. H., (no address) asks for books on Hawaii for a family intending to live there.

"HAWAII Past and Present," by W. R. Castle (Dodd, Mead), a widely-used guide and source of general information for tourists, has this season been reissued in a new and revised edition. Not long before this came "Hawaii To-day," by R. C. Wriston, a fine big book from Doubleday, Doran, and Katherine F. Gerould's travel sketches in "Hawaii" (Scribner). F. G. Carpenter's World Travels includes a volume on "Through the Phillippines and Hawaii" (Doubleday, Doran), that like all the books of this series is as good as a travelogue. There is a new, revised edition of Charmian London's "Our Hawaii" (Macmillan). "Hawaii the Rainbow Land," by Katherine Pope (Crowell), has a pleasant style and shows wide acquaintance, and in the "Spell" series published by Page there is one by I. W. Anderson on "The Spell of the Hawaiian Islands and the Phillippines." "Hawaii's Story by Hawaii's Queen," by Liliuokalani, is published by Lothrop. "Hawaii: Our New Possessions," by John R. Musick (Funk & Wagnalls), is an account of customs and institutions, history, scenery, and matters of general interest. A. W. Palmer's "The Human Side of Hawaii" (Pilgrim Press) is a description of the islands as one of the most extraordinary social experiment stations in the world. The "History of Hawaii," by R. S. Kuykendall (Macmillan), is issued both in school and in trade editions; the American Book Company publishes a "Brief History of the Hawaiian People," by W. Alexander, and the American Book Company M. C. Alexander's little "Story of Hawaii." "Hawaiian Days and Holidays," by M. E. Frear (Stratford), combines travel with history, and there is a collection of "Hawaiian Folk Tales," compiled by T. G. Thrum (McClurg), and one of their "Historical Legends," by W. D. Westervelt (Revell). Nor should I close this list without the first reading-matter that introduced me to this part of the world, the chapters on Hawaii in Mark Twain's "Roughing It" (Harper).

J. M. S., Rockford, Ill., asks how to pronounce the name of A. A. Milne, saying that she never questioned it till she recently heard several people giving it two syllables. It is curious how much trouble some people will take to get things wrong. Most British surnames take the line of least resistance, and Mr. Milne's has made no struggle to preserve more than one syllable. *R. L. A., Grandview, Mo.*, asks for a book called "The Rivers of America," author and publisher unknown. I have not found one with just that title; may it not be John T. Faris's "Romance of the Rivers" (Harper), a large and expensively illustrated work lately issued? Or perhaps Zane Grey's "Tales of Southern Rivers" (Harper)?

M. C., Augusta, Ga., suggests (from Milton), "A great book is the life-blood of a master mind." *George Allen and Unwin, Ruskin House, Museum Street, London*, says: "In view of the enquiries you are receiving concerning books on graphology, may we draw your attention to the works of Robert Saudek, 'The Psychology of Handwriting,' published by The George H. Doran Company in New York, and 'Experiments with Handwriting,' published by us." *D. W., Boston*, tells *T. A., Gainesville, Fla.*, to get Arthur Elson's "Book of Musical Knowledge" (Houghton Mifflin), which has 600 papers and covers all departments of the subject. *B. O. E., New York City*, read the list of books for one going to the Holy Land, and as she has made the journey once and is just going again, sends word that the book that gave her the most pleasure was "Au Pays de Jésus," by Matilde Serao, a translation from the Italian, "not new, but so delightfully written." *C. H., Scarsdale, N. Y.*, and several others who asked me last year if the proceedings of the Wittenberg Symposium at Springfield, Ohio, would be published, are informed that they are now accessible in one large volume "Feelings and Emotions" (Clark University Press, Worcester, Mass., $6 postpaid). The importance of this book to those interested in psychology or even in pedagogy is very high. The papers were read or sent by the world's greatest authorities, from Adler, Aveling, Bekhterev, to Weiss and Woodworth, and present the most comprehensive discussion of the general problems of feelings and emotions that is now available in any language. It also contains a discussion of the latest experimental work in Cannon's laboratory at Harvard.

A Toronto inquirer wishes something to serve as introduction to general science for a family of children, something simply written and profusely illustrated. A children's encyclopedia or general compendium is not what this reader looks for, but a work altogether given to scientific matters.

THE children might have "Compton's Pictured Encyclopedia" for all that, even though its science is scattered in with history and other matters; the science in this work is uncommonly sound and abreast of the times. For a large, many-pictured work altogether given to the subject, I have found that "The Outline of Science," edited by J. Arthur Thomson (Putnam) is highly stimulating when added to a family library. It is indeed the best comprehensive work on popular science that we have, far and away ahead of the other "Outlines" of the world's activities so popular at the time this book appeared. It is, however, somewhat uneven, the best articles being those by the editor himself, and it might be questioned whether psychical research has reached the point that the inclusion of an article by Sir Oliver Lodge would indicate, especially as the bibliography he appends is made of books all on the side of spiritualism. But this is a matter outside the present question: the "Outline of Science" reports on all the subjects on which this family wishes information, from geology to astronomy, and of the great number of pictures in the large volumes many are in colors.

For speeding up an interest in science as it affects the life of to-day, nothing is better than "Snapshots of Science," by E. E. Slosson, not long from the press of the Century Company; this is in the cheerful contemporary vein of the author's preceding "Chats on Science," and has the same effect of making the reader take a sharp interest in news from the scientific front as it appears in the papers and magazines. "Junior Science," by John C. Hessler (Sanborn), is a text-book for the junior high school, but is unusually interesting. Waldemar Kämpffert's "A Popular History of American Invention" is a grown-up's book, but is fascinatingly written and may be safely added to a home library. Indeed the "Outline" is over the head of the ordinary child, but it does him good to stand on tiptoe. He may continue such exercise with "The New Natural History," by J. A. Thomson (Putnam), which was by no means too grown-up for a group of boys in New Jersey some months ago, I was told.

C. M. R., Waynesboro', Va., asks for literature on the subject of Susan B. Anthony.

THE best of it is comprised in the admirable new biography, "Susan B. Anthony: The Woman Who Changed the Mind of a Nation," by Rheta Childe Dorr (Stokes), which adorns my best shelf of selected American biographies, such as are in the true sense histories as well. Miss Anthony makes a brief and somewhat grim appearance in another biography of the season, "The Terrible Siren," in which Emanie Sachs displays the incredible career of Victoria Woodhull, "firebrand of the seventies" (Harper). This is a gorgeous book about a grand old time, when sinners certainly had the courage of their convictions —notice, for example, the career of another notability of the period, "Jubilee Jim Fisk," as set down by Robert H. Fuller (Macmillian). But Victoria Woodhull lost the courage of hers later in life, and the most amazing part of the record is her evident belief that all one had to do to destroy a past record was to forget it.

Susan B. seems to have been suspicious of the brilliant Woodhull-Claflin interest in suffrage, from the first; she figures but briefly in the Sachs biography, but in Mrs. Dorr's she is shown at full length and to the life.

S. S. D., Rifle, Col., asks if I recall a book of which I wrote two years ago that it was so full of humor that if read casually to a group of people they would soon be in gales of laughter? I can't remember two years back on this information, but if anyone recalls either this book or any other that would surely qualify on these terms, the library at Rifle would like to get it.

(*Continued on page 655*)

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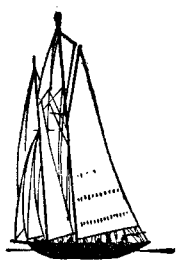

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Jerome Kern Sale

THE second part of the Jerome Kern sale catalogue (J-Z) serves to emphasize the criticisms of the first. As a collection, the library lacked a focal point; it suggested the bookseller urging association copies of anything upon the customer, largely because they were association volumes, not because they fitted in to any considered plan of the purchaser's. Keats, Kipling, Lamb, an early eighteenth century Indian manuscript in Telinga characters written on both sides of 325 palm leaves, George Moore, an extraordinary number of Pope items, Allan Ramsay, the Rossettis, Sir Walter Scott, the second, third, and fourth Shakespeare Folios, Shelley, Smollett, Stevenson, Swift, Swinburne, Tennyson, Thackeray, Whittier, Wilde, Wither, and Wordsworth—all these appeared jumbled together with nothing but the English alphabet to keep them in order. There was little attempt at consistency: the nineteenth century group of novelists completely omitted Maria Edgeworth, Mrs. Gaskell, and Captain Marryatt, and dismissed Anthony Trollope with four novels in the original parts (none of them unusual), while Mary Shelley was included with eleven items, and Dickens with one hundred and eleven, and his marriage license. Mr. Kern had, of course, every right to purchase whatever he liked, but in comparison with other American collections, the Chew, Hagan, McCutcheon, and White libraries, for example, his must naturally suffer: it possessed marvellous sections, but it lacked the perfection, the almost entire realization of an ideal, that made the others truly great in their own ways.

And if ever books were over-catalogued, and had all the wrong points of interest stressed in the ill-concealed hope of obtaining record prices, it was in this instance: item 1179, for example, headed "Original Draft of Stirring Poem to his Wife," described the first draft of a poem by Stevenson—six stanzas of four lines each with autograph corrections—in this manner:

"A PASSIONATE POEM OF THE SOUTH SEA ISLANDS, written by Stevenson for his Wife. The contents indicate that it belongs to the earlier years of the South Sea Islands period. Mrs. Stevenson had in her something both of the color and temperament which is suggested by the name Tiger Lily, and this accounts for the introduction of that flower in the third stanza; while, of course, the phrase 'dusky woman' refers to the bronze complexion that she attained under the Southern Suns."

It is useful to learn that Mrs. Stevenson's temperament resembled the tiger lily's, and to discover the effect of the Southern Suns upon her complexion, but what earthly connection it all has with the presentation of a manuscript in a catalogue passes comprehension. In other cases, the bindings were dwelt upon lovingly—"Dark red crushed levant morocco, with rich rose borders, gilt tooled, sides all-over pattern of roses and bees, gilt tooled, centre medallions of same design with gilt lettering: 'The Flower for Me, the Honey for Thee', inside gilt borders, doublures and end leaves of green China silk." It is slightly ironic that this should enclose one of the twenty-five proof copies of Tennyson's obscure poem, "The Victim."

There is no especial need to comment at present upon the prices brought at the sale—the newspapers have given them the attention they deserve. It can only be hoped vainly that book-dealers throughout the country will not instantly adopt so false a standard of values, and feel themselves fully justified in advancing their charges whenever they acquire any of the books included in this collection.

On January 30th the library of early Western history, literature, and narratives formed by the Right Reverend Nathaniel S. Thomas was sold at the Anderson Galleries. Without pretense and without boasting, this collection fulfilled its purpose admirably.

AUCTION SALES CALENDAR

American Art Association, February 5-6, Americana; English Literature of the sixteenth to nineteenth centuries, the property of William W. Cohen. One of the outstanding auction catalogues of the year, illustrated with unusually good facsimiles. The Americana section includes an original document signed by John Alden, several items relating to Major John André, letters of Benedict Arnold, Christopher Colles's "Survey of the Roads of the United States," N. Y., 1789, in perfect condition; letters of Robert Fulton illustrated with sketches; a remarkably fine series of Washington letters, including his own defense of his treatment of Captain Asgill; and a letter of Martha Washington to her sister. The English literature portion includes twenty-five letters from Robert Browning to R. H. Horne; several Shelley items; the Huth copy of Spenser's "Colin Clout," London, 1595; the inevitable Stevensons; and an unusually fine group of Walt Whitman first editions and autograph material. Although it does not belong to either part, there is also a complete, authenticated file of *La Libre Belgique*, 1915-1918, very well catalogued with an historical outline of the paper's career that is especially interesting and well-written.

American Art Association. February 11. The private library of Mrs. Albert E. Solomon. Hardy's "Desperate Remedies," a superb copy, the 1903 "Dynasts"; a long run of the Grolier Club publications; Hearn; George Moore, and Mark Twain.

February 19. The collections of Clara Tice and W. S. Hall. French illustrated books of the eighteenth century; Nonesuch and Golden Cockerel Press books.

February 23. A private library of English books. Dickens, Galsworthy, Barrie, an especially fine collection of Shaw, and Trollope.

The American Art Association recently by means of its catalogue of the Count Pepoli collection of Italian Art, sold a short time ago under its auspices, placed everyone in its debt. Beautifully printed and illustrated, with descriptions that are almost matter-of-fact in their conciseness, the catalogue is a most impressive and distinguished volume.

G. M. T.

MAGAZINE TYPOGRAPHY

TYPOGRAPHY of magazine pages is fascinating and—beyond all reckoning—aggravating. There is the continual novelty of the problem, first in the random length of headings, authors' names, etc., second in the possibility of changing the size at the beginning of some new volume. Pictures offer a never-ending opportunity. And besides there is the faint possibility (or there was, before editors took to chopping up articles like so much cord-wood to placate the advertising department) of making the magazine "compose" as a whole. On the other hand there is the definite aggravation of having one's very fine plan spoiled by last minute exigencies or by stupidity on the printer's part. For the printer has abdicated his just position as printer, and has become, in almost all cases where magazine typography is given any thought at all, merely the workman endeavoring to carry out someone else's ideas. The printer ought to arrange the whole design and lay-out of the magazine in his own shop, just as the composition and printing are done there. So only will magazines be well printed. The ideal arrangement is perhaps something of the sort which existed between the Century Company and the De Vinne Press in the earlier days of the *Century Magazine*.

American magazines have been endeavoring of recent years to spruce up. The *Dial* was planned in its present style by Bruce Rogers, and the style is admirable. The printing has not been uniformly good. *Harper's* passed across the drawing-board of W. A. Dwiggins, and went back to New York to take its place as perhaps the most successfully designed of the magazines in its

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size and class. One of the outstanding changes wrought in a magazine was achieved when *Time* went to Donnelley of Chicago to be printed. It isn't far from the truth to say that before that change, its printing was about the most slovenly to be found in any of our magazines. One reason why now week after week it presents an orderly appearance is because in the printing-office where it is printed an intelligent typographical oversight is given it constantly by the men who designed the format: at least, such is my supposition, for I know nothing of the actual facts. The new *World's Work* is another instance of really intelligent thought given to magazine typography, with pleasant results. On the other side of the picture I regret to see the new format of the *Nation* as a distinct step backward. The different type is not so good as the former, and the presswork—on the one issue I have seen—is wretched: the effect is pretty bad.

It is quite possible to give a modern magazine the wholesome typographic flavor which some of the best of the eighteenth century newspapers had: one itches, for example, to take the good start made by the *New Republic* and by just the merest adjustment of type and margins and spacing, to make it the "friendliest" looking of the weeklies. Or to take the former format of the *Nation* and by similar minute refinements give it a different but equally suitable appearance. But such changes would in the end come to nothing unless scrupulous care in the printing-office from week to week protected the plan, as such care of the rather banal typography of the *Saturday Evening Post* gives it a finish which most magazines lack.

R.

ANOTHER FINE CHRISTMAS BOOK

TOO late unfortunately for mention with the other Christmas books noted recently, there came to hand "Vita de Sancto Hieronymo," printed and distributed, as the colophon states, "a gloria de Dio omnipotenti et in honore de SS. Filippo et Giorgio"—otherwise Philip Hofer and George Parker Winship. The advance notice of the little book states that it is the first publication of the Cygnet Press, that the type has been set by hand Giuseppe Barresi, and, perhaps most interesting item of all, that the twenty wood blocks reproduced are from the Life of St. Jerome printed at Ferrara by Lorenzo de Rossi in 1497. One can echo the statement that these woodcuts "are among the most typical and most charming of Italian book illustrations of the last fifteenth century decade." It is a delectable little volume, full of bookish feeling, and admirably printed. It should meet with enthusiastic reception.

R.

Richard Aldrich's "Musical Discourse."

THIS is a small twelve-mo, printed on mellow, flexible paper, with a very fine title-page. It is a well-proportioned book, good to handle, the type pages properly set on the page, and the whole lifted above mediocrity—which otherwise might be its fate—by the type face selected. Not selected from other possible type faces, for it can never be too clearly understood that it is very seldom indeed that just one type face seems inevitable for a book: there is much hokus-pokus about that matter, but selected from similar faces called by the same name. The type is Scotch Roman—to give it its generic name. Now there are, I suppose, about half a dozen "Scotch Romans" available for the printer. Two of these are excellent, the rest indifferent. Mr. Updike's font is, as one would suppose, in the first class mentioned. And that is what makes this book so typical a piece of good printing. There is no necromancy about the book, other Miehle presses could do equally creditable presswork, and so on through the details, but to the connoisseur of types, here is the very best form of Scotch Roman correctly set and printed. R.

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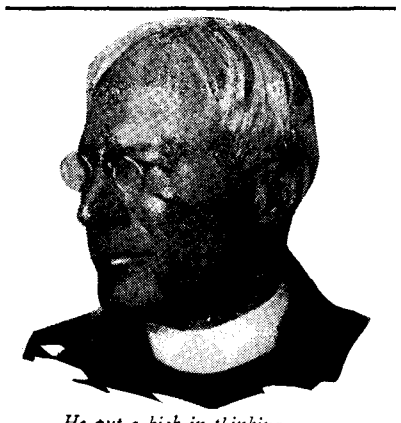

He put a kick in thinking . . . .
Camera study of ABBÉ ERNEST DIMNET
by SHERILL SCHELL

For the best 100-word answer to the question: WHY HAS *The Art of Thinking* BECOME A BEST-SELLER?, received at *The Editorial Rooms* of SIMON *and* SCHUSTER, 37 West 57th Street, New York City, not later than high noon Saturday, February 9th, 1929, the publishers offer a prize of ten copies of ABBÉ DIMNET's book, which will be mailed, with the winner's card and compliments, to any persons designated.

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O Sola Beatitudo. O Beata Solitudo!
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THE ART OF THINKING *Has Become A Best-Seller.*
JOHN DEWEY *And 3,089 Other Americans Read The Art of Thinking Last Week.*

The sales manager is going in for record-shattering tabulations again. His latest contribution to The New Renaissance is a colossal black-board, on which the weekly DIMNET totals are describing a meteoric upward parabola. He calls it *The Chart of Thinking.*

Believe It Or Not, by ROBERT L. RIPLEY is the talk of the town. The latest indoor sport along the Main Stem is selecting your favorite items from RIP's fantastic collection of prose and pictures. Here are HARRY HANSEN's favorites:

Kaspar Hauser could see the stars in the day time.

THERE *are 4,000 different ways of spelling the name Shakespeare.*

ALBERT J. SMITH *of Dedham, Mass., is a one-armed paperhanger who has had the hives.*

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The Inner Sanctum's current favorite bit of Ripley-ana concerns CHALCHAS THE GREEK. He died from laughter when the day that was predicted for his death came around and the prediction did not seem to materialize.

A new novel just published by *The Inner Sanctum* is called *Quartet.* It is a realistic picture of adultery on the left bank, and is the work of MISS JEAN RHYS. One fascinated reader explained its central appeal as the Euclidian proposition that the eternal triangle becomes much more exciting when it is a parallelogram.

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THE PHOENIX NEST

WE can't keep up with the newspapers! We write this on the twenty-fifth of January, and our morning paper appeared to contain only two matters of any importance: Captain Fried's second rescue, and book news. For instance, to turn to the latter, there was *Jerome Kern's* uncut first of *Shelley's* "Queen Mab" fetching $68,000 at the Anderson Galleries, the same price it brought in 1920 in the sale of the *H. Buxton Forman* library. Then there was the discovery by *Martha Dickinson Bianchi* of 150 unpublished poems by *Emily Dickinson*, which are said to have been suppressed by her sister *Lavinia* when she died. They will be published in March by Little, Brown. Then there was *Wilhelm Hohenzollern's* presenting his wife, *Princess Hermine*, with a volume entitled "My Ancestors" which he had secretly written, as a memento of his seventieth birthday. Then there was the news that *Alfred Kreymborg* was to turn European cicerone under the auspices of the Franco-Belgique Tour Company this summer; and that, in "This Madness," beginning serially in the current Cosmopolitan, *Theodore Dreiser* was depicting his own love affairs. No, we can't keep up with the newspapers! . . . .

Padraic Colum's "Balloon," a comedy in three acts to be published soon by the Macmillan Company, is said to be the first play based on modern philosophical ideas. The action takes place in a "Spenglerian" world in which life has become externalized and where the idea of height and distance is dominant. . . .

And we are glad to see that the same firm is publishing a new book of poems by *Hildegarde Flanner*, a poet we hold in high esteem. It is called "Time's Profile" and is her first book to appear in four years. . .

The Legislature at Sacramento is voting upon a poet laureate for California. The ballot in the *San Francisco News* states that bills proposing *Cawdor Henry Meade Bland* (sic) and *Robinson Jeffers* have been presented, and the ballot's accompanying article states that the name of *Edgar A. Guest*, bard of La Jolla, has also been enrolled. *Is* Cawdor (or Cawder) Henry Meade Bland *really* the name of San Jose's candidate, or is it a confusion of his name with *Robinson Jeffers's* latest long poem "Cawdor"? La Jolla avers that its literary colony rivals Carmel's. They have not only Eddie Guest —but *Walt Mason!* . . . .

State poets laureate are silly things. The only real poet we know who holds such office is *John G. Neihardt.* But if California is to have one that means anything, certainly *Robinson Jeffers*, one of the most distinguished poets of our day, is the man. . . . .

"Here's How Again!" is a minute book of recipes by the *Judge, Jr.* who compiled "Here's How!" They look to us like good recipes, and the running comment of the book is amusing. It is published by the John Day Company and fits the hip pocket. It costs one buck. There aren't any of the ingredients you can't get, that we know of! . . . .

A cross-section of the general culture obtaining in the best of English letters from 1800 to 1830 appears in a new volume in the Oxford Miscellany Series, published by the Oxford University Press in New York. This is "*John Hamilton Reynolds*, Poetry and Prose," with an introduction and notes by *George L. Marsh.* Reynolds was a friend of *Keats* and his poems show the influence of *Byron, Moore*, and Keats himself. . . .

Longmans, Green are publishing on the sixth of March a novel, "The Disinherited," by *Milton Waldman*, author of "Americana" and "Sir Walter Raleigh." Mr. Waldman was formerly assistant editor of the London *Mercury*, under *J. C. Squire*, and correspondent for the *New York World*. . . .

Louis Bromfield is skiing in the Swiss mountains and has become a fancy figure-skater. He has been near Montreux and has taken trips by rack-and-pinion railway up Les Rochers de Naye, a snow-covered mountain eight thousand feet high. . . .

The latest volumes that Scribner has brought out in the "Famous Trials Series" are those concerning *Henri Désiré Landru*, the modern Bluebeard, and *Constance Kent* who murdered her baby brother,—classics both. Wotta world, wotta world! . . .

A new book of poems by *Kathleen Millay* to be published this month by Horace Liveright is called "The Hermit Thrush". . . .

The Spiral Press announces its series in American literature. They will produce six titles a year in limited editions, publication to begin in March. *Howard Mumford Jones* is the general editor of the series. *Mark Van Doren* and *Robert Morss Lovett* are among the editors of the first volumes. The series will be distributed by Random House, New York. The March titles are "The Day of Doom and Other Poems" by *Michael Wigglesworth* (1631-1705), a best-seller in the American Colonies for almost a century; and "Poems of *Edgar Allan Poe.*" For Autumn publication the Selected Poems of *Herman Melville*, a collection of tales by *Ambrose Bierce*, and "The Philosopher of the Forest and Other Essays," by *Philip Freneau* (the poet of the American Revolution) have been selected. The address of the Spiral Press is 91 Seventh Avenue; the telephone is Watkins 8693. . . . .

Last week we spelt *Elliot Holt's* first name wrong. We apologize. Now it's on his door next door in fine gold letters for all the world to see. And if you open the door there's a fine red-leather chair for all the promising young novelists to see. And in one of the several sanctums there is a bevy of beautiful maidens. At least, how many constitute a bevy? There is a flock of ducks on the wall of the waiting room. This looks to us like a firm that will go with a bang. . . .

But we still feel like the title of one of *Chesterton's* novels. Oh, you know. Oh, of course you do. "The Man who was Thursty." . . . .

The first volumes of the new fourteenth edition of the Encyclopædia Britannica have gone to press. Each day carries the great work forward. And you've no idea what a load that is off our mind. . . .

John Dos Passos has returned from Russia and will stay in New York City until the New Playwrights Theatre of which he is a director presents his latest play. He hopes soon to complete a novel upon which he has been working for several years. But "It might come out as a whole fleet of novels," he avers. We hope it does, for that matter. . . .

A new novel we can recommend to you sight unseen is "Expiation" by "*Elizabeth,*" just published by Doubleday, Doran. "Elizabeth" is a wonderfully witty writer. . . . .

All the Russian wives are coming into their own. Here's Macmillan bringing out "The Diary of *Dostoyevsky's* Wife," a picture of the great Russian novelist in his middle years; and Payson & Clarke is publishing in March "The Diary of *Tolstoy's* Wife," edited by *S. L. Tolstoy.* . . .

Beverley Nichols is advising everyone to buy the novels of *Cecil Roberts*, past and present, and hold them for a rise, that is, to gamble on his first editions. Roberts is a various novelist, a poet, an essayist. He returns to Europe in April, going first to the Austrian Tyrol and then to Venice. Stokes is his American publisher. . . .

Maria Rasputin, daughter of the famous monk, has just made her stage début in Berlin. Her stage presentation consisted of a depiction of the dramatic events of her father's life. His biography by *René Fülöp-Miller*, "Rasputin, The Holy Devil," is published in the Viking Press. . . .

Jean Catel is planning to produce *Witter Bynner's* satiric comedy, "Cake," in Paris. Bynner is just now in New York, taking a last whack at the proofs of the Chinese poems, "The Jade Mountain," upon the translation of which he and *Dr. Kiang-hu* have worked for ten years. . . .

Sylvia Townsend Warner arrived in America and was given a tea by her publishers, the Viking Press, last Saturday. Her new novel is entitled "The True Heart" . . . .

Did we acknowledge a most cheering Christmas card from *Clarence William Steves* of Black Mountain, N. C.? If not, we do now. He asks whatever became of the Mouse. He means *O'Reilley.* We haven't heard from O'Reilley for a coon's age, or a mouse's age. The last rumor was that he had gone with *Byrd* to the arctic. . . .

See you soon, see you soon!

THE PHOENICIAN.

sounds as if it might be worth reading—

There are very few things in this world as perfect of their kind as the romances of M. P. Shiel. Mr. Shiel has a literary style that is as thick and rich as Devonshire cream. He has imagination, he has humor, he has, even, that tiresomely insisted-on *élan.* For those who like their *romans* full of plot, he is a godsend, but for those who like their plot served up with the complicated sauces of a fine prose style, he is even more directly and personally a gift from heaven. *How The Old Woman Got Home,* his latest novel, is a book to buy, a book to lend, a book to steal, for it is fairly certain that it will be another year or two before so much genuine enjoyment will be discoverable between the covers of a single tale.
—*The Bookman.*

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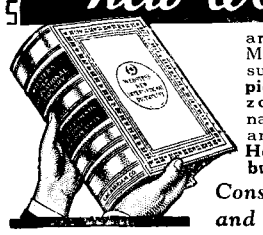

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The Wits' Weekly

Conducted by EDWARD DAVISON

Competition No. 52. A prize of fifteen dollars is offered for the best short rhymed poem called "Still Life." (Entries should reach the *Saturday Review* office, 25 West 45th Street, New York City, not later than the morning of January 28.)

Competition No. 53. A prize of fifteen dollars is offered for the best poem called "Any Poet to Any Stockbroker" in the lyrical manner of Robert Browning. (Entries should reach the *Saturday Review* office not later than the morning of February 11.)

Attention is called to the Rules printed below.

THE FIFTIETH COMPETITION

The fifteen dollars prize for the best Monosyllabic Sonnet has been divided equally between Claudius Jones, Ignoto, and Leslie Child.

THE PRIZE MONOSYLLABIC SONNETS

I. TO A BROKEN RADIO

Think not that fate on you has
worked a wrong,
Poor scrap of junk, born but so soon
to die,
That heard the voice of elves and
brought it nigh.
Cold wires, no more those strange
wild notes will throng,
As once they used, down your bright
paths and long,
When one held fast the earth and one
on high
Sought with its thin strong band to
reach the sky
And, where they met, burst forth a
flood of song.

Dumb wires, like you, I too, at times,
have sought
To seize those wild, sweet tones and
bring them near
To feel a throb from some vast
world of thought,
And, though in vain, or heard but
faint and far,
I kn v the joy of him who strains
hear,
ld the earth yet strives to reach
a star.

CLAUDIUS JONES.

II. TO ONE WHO DOES NOT MATE

She that had light has lost it, for
your sake. . . .
Her heart was great with hope that
was born still,
She had a gay song that she used to
make
That comes back not at all, nor, I
think, will.
She used to string small pearls on a
thin thread
And on those beads breathe your name
and your name,
But now the bird that sang in her is
dead,
And now her cold hearth has but ash
for flame.
She that dared dream of a dear nest
for two
Was, it may be, too shy and meek a
wren
To do as thrush and lark and brave
birds do
In spring, when the wild geese go
north, and when
The hearts of girls hush; when, in
time of spring,
Their mates come to them, and their
own hearts sing.

LESLIE CHILD.

III. HARD LINES

Hard lines; but since there's no help
for it, here
Are two to start with. Now what
shall we say?
Hard lines; this third may be the
last, we fear.
Grope on, poor wits, four lines have
shown the way.
Four lines done with some toil, and
now take care,
Don't waste the work; there is a
prize to gain.
Clip short the tongue on each brief
sound now, ere
It foils so late this dwarf child of
our brain.
Four more, there's thrift. The word
hoard grows more lean;
More thin each line seems, must this
be the last?
Slow, slow, the bare white bones of
speech pick clean;
Pull in the belt; two lines and then
our fast
We'll break, to glut on words long
as the sighs
The bards who lost will breathe when
our's the prize.

IGNOTO.

There were nearly a hundred and fifty entries. Not a few, I suspect, had been disinterred from their authors' old portfolios and (if I may be permitted the word) *monosyllableized* for the occasion. I amused myself trying to spot these, but will name no names. Henry Charles Suter and Leonard Doughty (in the better of his two good entries) saved me any trouble by leaving the disyllables and polysyllables untouched. Louisa Bellinger, on the other hand, offered a fourteen-word sonnet which follows without any privilege of typography—"Just We Three Must Bust The Tea Trust Dare Rash Game. Share Cash Claim."

There is a great deal of confusion nowadays as to the syllabic character of such words as fire, sure, hired. The finer craftsmen among the poets almost invariably regard such words as monosyllables in spite of the fact that, colloquially, in America as well as in England many people pronounce them as disyllables. To my ear fi-er instead of fire in a verse is always grossly awkward and leaves a feeling of vacuum in the line. The practice occurs constantly in the poems submitted in these competitions. I had always suspected that most of our Wits have never given any thought to this question. It is more important than most of them seem to think. In one of the most carefully composed monosyllabic sonnets of the week occur the lines—

Should this tame hand of mine that
doth but lie
Weak on the lyre's strings, strike
forth the cry.

Here, if lyre is read, as the author obviously intends it to be read, as a monosyllable the line is lopped by a syllable; on the other hand, if we read it as a dissyllable the poem is disqualified. And this, as it happens, was the work of one of the most skilful of our versifiers. It means that he has never really faced this important little question. He must have marred many a good line because of such uncertainty. I notice curious personal inconsistencies of this kind in the work of many of our Wits who owe it to their gifts to take more trouble.

Some of the best sonnets may perhaps be printed in later issues. Special commendation is due to the following: M. E. Moore, D. C. Jones, Homer M. Parsons, Clyde W. Park, John L. Odde, Leonard Doughty, Ethel Turner, Helena Withrow, Clyde Robertson, Irene Ball, Katharine M. Strong, Elizabeth Wray, and Clinton Scollard. Many of these offered more than one entry. I always have to bid welcome to a larger number of new competitors than usually appear in a single week.

RULES

Competitors failing to comply with the following rules will be disqualified. Envelopes should be addressed to Edward Davison, *The Saturday Review of Literature*, 25 West 45th Street, New York City. All MSS. must be legible—typewritten if possible—and should bear the name or pseudonym of the author. Competitors may offer more than one entry. MSS. cannot be returned. The Editor's decision is final and *The Saturday Review* reserves the right to print the whole or part of any entry.

The New Books

(Continued from page 650)

BRIEF MENTION (JUVENILE)

Collections in which intelligent selection is the precious ingredient are truly valuable in this age of hit-or-miss reading. Miss Wilhelmina Harper's wide experience as a librarian gives prominence to her "Stowaway and Other Stories for Boys" (Little, Brown, $2), selected from *The Youth's Companion*. *St. Nicholas Magazine* follows suit with retold "Prairie Tales" (Century, $1.25), and *The American Boy* with "*American Boy* Adventure Stories" (Doubleday, Doran, $2), full of adventures all the way from Africa to Central America. Walter Scott Story brings his judgment to bear upon his own work in "Boy Heroes of the Sea" (Century, $1.75), and Mrs. Phila Butler Bowman, experienced as an instructor in story-telling, also represents herself in "The Little Brown Bowl with Other Tales and Verse" (Nelson, $2). Finally, Constance and Mary Maude intelligently retell, with illustrations from the famous Boydell prints, "Shakespeare's Stories" (Longmans, Green, $2).

A safe corner each season is occupied by favorite authors reappearing. This season we have the always delightful Johanna Spyri in "Castle Wonderful" (Crowell, $1.50 net); Ruth Plumley Thompson as industrious as ever in her special variety of incoherence, this time called "The Giant House of Oz" (Reilly & Lee); and Robert L. Dickey, prolific as ever of canine-human fun in "Mr. and Mrs. Bean" (Stokes, $2). A reprint of Zane Grey's "Don" (Harper, $1) will please boys by the author's adventures with mountain lions. But "The Story of Steady and Sure," by C. J. Hamilton (Crowell, $1.50), is too much like "Black Beauty"! Rose O'Neil is as winsome as ever in "The Kewpies and the Runaway Baby" (Doubleday, Doran, $1.50). Félicité Lefèyre, ably assisted by Maginal Wright Barney's gay pictures in "Fiddle Diddle Dee" (Greenberg), provides still more material for very young readers in, a variant of the "stick, stick, beat dog" motive. The world of exotic animal life is presented informationally but not dully by Frances Joyce Farnsworth in "Baby Hippo's Jungle Journey" (Abingdon, $1). And Marion Bullard tells and illustrates "The Travels of Sammie the Turtle" (Dutton, $2) in an apparent blend of "Peter Rabbit" and "Alice" only fairly successful.

Grading from very young to fairly young are "The Pony Tree," by Charlotte Brate (Stokes), and two neatly designed "cheap books," "Pamela's Teddy Bears," by Mrs. H. C. Craddock (Nelson, $1), and "Tangletrees," by Lillie Le Pla (Nelson, $1). "The Pony Tree" has stout print and heavily lined black-and-white pictures with a few simple sentences on each page weaving a realistic-fanciful little story. It is quite an individual book. "Pamela's Teddy Bears" is usual but attractive, and "Tangletrees" is an English mystery story pitched young, and well written in a fanciful vein.

Three useful books are "Wild Flowers and Elves," by Elsie-Jean (Nelson), a book of botany so elemental that it must be meant for city children, with bright pictures by Gerta Ries and explanatory rhymes hampered by having to be informational; "101 Games for Boys and Girls," by Maude Day Baltzell (Nelson, $1.50), full of good ideas in too involved form; and "Fun with Figures," by A. Frederick Collins (Appleton, $2), a book limited by its figures to a small, if interested, audience. And useful for supplementary reference, like all her books, is Lorinda Munson Bryant's "Children's Book of European Landmarks" (Century, $2.50), with its full-page photographs and intelligent explanatory text.

The Readers' Guide

(Continued from page 651)

M. K., Newark, N. J., is in search of any material written during the first three centuries, especially such as has been translated into English (though he reads French and German also), which concerns the religious or social life of the Mediterranean Basin. He knows Schürer's work, but believes that much has since found its way into books and magazines.

AS for magazines, the technical periodical in English that keeps track of discoveries in the first three Christian centuries is the *Journal of Theological Studies* published by Humphrey Milford, Amen House, London E.C., the annual subscription being sixteen shillings. The German one is the *Zeitschrift für die neutestamentliche Wissenschaft und die Kunde der älteren Kirche*, published in Giessen, Germany, by Topelmann.

A basis of such research in English is the "Ante-Nicene Fathers," translations of the writings of the Fathers down to A.D. 325, published by Scribner in ten volumes at $4.50 a volume, and the "Translations of Christian Literature" (a series), published in London by the Society for the Promotion of Christian Knowledge and sold here by Macmillan.

A nucleus for study is Dr. George Sarton's "Introduction to the History of Science," volume I, published by the Williams & Wilkins Co., Baltimore, 1927, as publication 376 of the Carnegie Institution. On pages 235 to 343, inclusive, the student will find (chapter 13 to 18, inclusive) a most admirable survey of science, religion, medicine, alchemy, culture, philosophy, technology, physics, mathematics, law, natural history etc., with a very complete bibliography attached to each chapter, giving the authorities, which he should be able to obtain in large part in separate volumes in a number of the university libraries. Part of Dr. Sarton's work of course lies outside the Mediterranean Basin, but the work is so full of references and details that anyone with imagination and skill in research can work out a comprehensive thesis.

For an exhaustive bibliography of the years 1914-1924 see Marouzean's "Dix Années de Bibliographie Classique," V. 2. There is an excellent selected bibliography in W. R. Halliday's "Pagan Backgrounds of Early Christianity" (London, 1925). A highly important work for this research is Dill's "Roman Society from Nero to Marcus Aurelius" (London, 1905) and other valuable English sources are S. W. Leffingwell's "Social and Private Life at Home in the Time of Plautus and Terence" (Columbia University, 1918); F. F. Abbott's "The Common People of Ancient Rome" (New York, 1911); and W. S. Davis's "Influence of Wealth in Imperial Rome" (New York, 1913). The translations into English of the works of Ferrero also contain valuable data. Consult also the series (Longmans) published under the general title of "Our Debt to Greece and Rome," several of whose volumes bear on this subject. The Oxford University Press, American Branch, is just publishing "Biblical Anthropology Compared with and Illustrated by the Folklore of Europe and the Customs of Primitive Peoples," by H. J. D. Ashley.

For some material in German cons Friedländer's "Darstellungen aus der geschichte Roms" (Leipzig, 1901), of which there is an English translation; P. Wendland's "Die Helenistisch-römische Kultur in Ihren Beziehungen zu Judentum und Christentum" (Tübingen, 1912); and Seffeken's "Ausgang des griechisch-römischen Heidentums" (Heidelberg, 1920).

For French source materials, J. Marquardt's "Vie Privée des Romains" (translated from the second German edition), Paris, 1892, one of the older works; S. Boissier's "La Réligion Romaine d'Auguste aux Antonines," two volumes, 7th edition (Paris, 1909); F. Cumont's "Les Réligions Orientales dans le Paganisme Romain" (Paris, 1907); F. Cumont's "Les Mystères de Mithra," third edition (Brussels, 1913); J. Fontaine's "Les Cultes Paiens dans l'Empire Romain" (Paris, 1907, 20 vol., 1-3); E. Beurtier's "Le Culte Imperial" (Paris, 1891); and R. Caguot's "À Travers l'Empire Romain" (Paris, 1912).

My sincere thanks for assistance in assembling this list go to two good angels of this department, Arthur Stanley Riggs, editor of *Art and Archæology*, Washington, D.C., and William Walker Rockwell, librarian of Union Theological Seminary.

M. J., Toronto, Canada, was so fascinated by the glimpses of an early Christian community in "Marius the Epicurean" that she asks for a brief history of the early Christian Church, and would then like to read more fully on the subject.

MOST of us know about this period more by means of Kirsopp Lake's little book "Landmarks in the History of Early Christianity" (Macmillan) than by more lengthy books—more than from his own monumental "The Beginnings of Christianity" in three massive volumes. The smaller work was first given as lectures, and has a vivid method of presentation. Another history that has been widely read in this country is Dr. A. C. McGiffert's "History of Christianity in the Apostolic Age" (Scribner), longer than the "Landmarks," but within the limits of a single volume. As we have touched the Apostolic Age, I cannot refrain from bringing in a book that has greatly enhanced my recent railway journeys, "Studies in New Testament Christianity," by George A. Barton, Professor of Semitic Languages at the University of Pennsylvania, and one of the publications of their unusually lively and engaging press.

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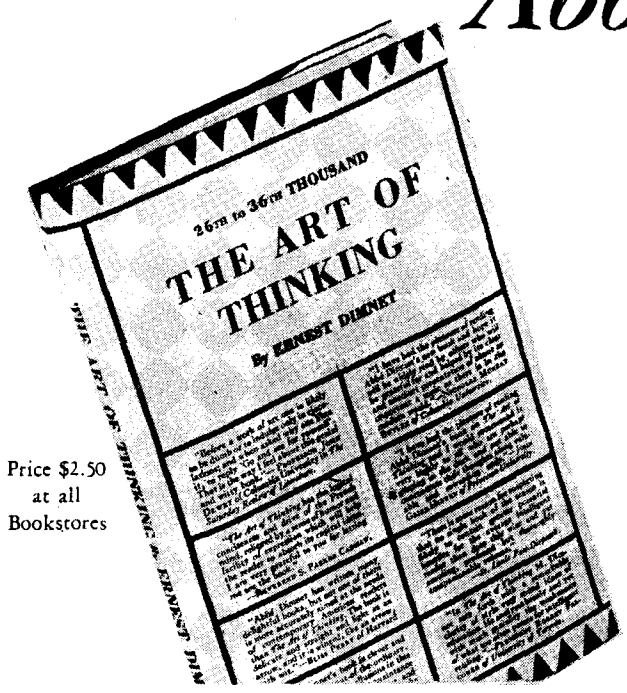

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"I have read ABBÉ DIMNET's book—*The Art of Thinking* with very great pleasure and I shall be obliged if you will send me twelve (12) copies which I want to give to some friends for New Year gifts. The book in addition to being delightfully entertaining would, I imagine be a happy guide to many who have never considered that the pleasure of orderly thinking can be cultivated until our solitude shall be peopled at will with images grave and gay which shall add much to those hours which otherwise would be barren of pleasure."

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FOR five hours I have enjoyed a delight which Plato declared was reserved for the Gods alone —*a thinking on thinking.*

Mine has been "that noblest pleasure—the joy of understanding."

A paradox first attracted me to this book. It seemed strange that a book on thinking should become a best-seller of the first magnitude. All about me I heard its praises sung, and my mounting curiosity finally sent me to my bookseller to ask for "*The Art of Thinking.*"

When I picked it up at nine o'clock last night, attracted again by the challenge of the title, and persuaded by the plaudits of John Dewey and a score of university presidents, I expected instruction, but at the cost of arduous effort or faint ennui. . . Instead I have had a memorable evening of priceless table talk with a gentleman and a scholar —a mind so witty and so lucid, a spirit so gentle and so sympathetic, that only now do I realize that I have tasted the true flavor of wisdom.

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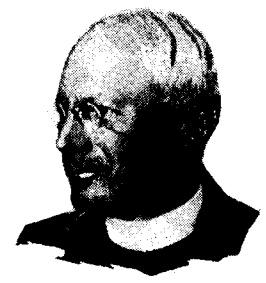

ABBÉ ERNEST DIMNET *is a Frenchman, but he wrote* THE ART OF THINKING *in English. The twelve books which have established his international renown were written in French, in English and in Latin. His last book published here was a biography of The Brontë Sisters.* ABBÉ DIMNET *is noted as a lecturer at leading American universities, and a contributor to learned and lay publications. In* THE ART OF THINKING *he gives the distilled essence of a rich and stimulating life.*

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